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The Week

IF anything can prevent the discussions of navy limitation at Geneva from resulting in a flat failure to agree, which will do more to stimulate competitive navy building than would a failure to hold any conference at all, it will be the widespread feeling in both countries that the collapse of the attempt is due to muddling which reflects on the common sense of both national administrations. Should Mr. Coolidge, in an attempt to justify his position, try to lay the whole blame on Great Britain, he would be as short-sighted as would the British authorities in trying to lay the blame on the United States. The occasion calls, not for self-justification on the basis of naval experts' points, but for a broad-minded exchange of concessions by statesmen. Mr. Coolidge cannot with truth accuse the British of wanting now to increase total tonnage beyond the limits suggested by the American delegates. Our original suggestion for maximum tonnage limits for cruisers, destroyers and submarines totaled 640,000. Our effort to compromise on cruisers raised this total to 740,000. The last British offer for the combined total was 590,000 tons, or, if we add those ships to be retained though growing obsolete, 737,500. The difference of opinion, therefore, is narrowed to the size of the cruisers and their armament. For this difference the United States is as much to blame as Great Britain.

FROM the technical viewpoint of naval experts trying at the same time to maintain complete theoretical parity and to serve what they conceive to be the national needs, there is no compromise possible on the cruiser dispute. Britain wants a large number of small cruisers, as she says, to protect her wide-flung trade routes. She probably wants them also to police neutral commerce in the event of war. She is willing to let us have as many small cruisers, and as heavily armed ones, as she demands. But in that event, the number of our larger cruisers would be reduced by the total limitation. Our experts assert that we need more of the larger cruisers than Britain wants, because we have fewer naval bases than she, and cannot protect the necessary area without ships of large cruising radius. We should be willing, under an agreed total limitation, to put our building emphasis on the larger ships and let Britain have the small ones. But, as Britain points out, while this might equalize our actual defensive strength with hers, it would give us a superior offensive cruiser strength, which she is not disposed to permit. This is especially true in view of our demand for the right to arm them with guns of as large as eight-inch caliber. Our experts, in turn, demand this right in order to offset the potential strength of the British merchant marine, which might in time of war be armed with six-inch or even seven-inch guns. Thus the argument goes round and round. If Mr. Coolidge were the kind of President who could lead, who could place the big considerations above the petty, he would meet Mr. Baldwin, who is now in Canada, and find a way to climb out of this futile disputation. Each nation, by abandoning the attempt to achieve exact theoretical parity with the other—which might in time of war turn out to be not parity at all—could yield something to the other's fancied special necessities. If we start with

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the firm idea that the two nations will not fight each other, complete parity becomes decidedly less important.

THE chief danger to the Nationalist movement in China now appears to be the widening of schisms within it, perhaps due to a too rapid extension of its military conquests before it had gone far enough in consolidating politically and socially the territory it had won. In spite of the fact that there has been a divorce between the Hankow government and the Communist elements which have been endeavoring to control it, brought about partly by suppression on the part of the non-Communists and partly by the edict of Moscow against collaboration, Hankow still has its fissures, with the widow of Sun Yat-sen on one side and his son on the other. There is, furthermore, the opposition between Hankow and Chiang Kai-shek and his allies of Nanking, in which Hankow wishes to establish political supremacy to avoid the possibility of military dictatorship. All this delays advance against the North. But in any case, the foreigner has lost in China. Import taxes are being advanced at Canton and Nanking just as if Silas Strawn had never gone to China at all; and the Chinese in the Shanghai concession are resolutely opposing taxation by a body of foreigners in which they have no representation. There is nothing to be gained by not recognizing the basic strength of the Nationalist movement, and much to be lost by prolonging its division through betting exclusively on one or another of its factions.

AT last Mr. Coolidge's counter-offensive against the McNary-Haugenites is taking form. It is chiefly an enlargement of the old proposal—government-aided coöperatives to handle temporary surpluses, without any equalization fee, and without any price control except such as may be exercised by coöperative bargaining. The bid of aid to the proposed coöperatives has been raised to about $300,000,000, to be used largely as a revolving fund of credit. Clearly the proposal can work only in carrying over surpluses which are due to seasonal influences; if it attempts to carry the American farmer through a long period of progressive reduction in the demand for his product, it can meet with as much disaster as any McNary-Haugen plan. The parallel between the services of such an institution and those of the Federal Reserve Board is, in one respect, well drawn—it is essentially an instrument of stabilization. Whether it will serve the political purpose for which it is devised is another matter, which, to the cynical observer, would seem to depend largely on the temporary fortunes of the growers of wheat and corn. At present, the northern tier of wheat states seems fortunate, with prospects of a large crop while the world supply is no greater than last year. The corn crop looks poor, and its price will correspondingly rise. Our bet is that Coolidge will once more be saved from the farm bloc by Republican crops.

IF the Republicans are still planning their main drive against Governor Smith, should he be the Democratic nominee for President, on the ground of New York State extravagance and increased expenditure, his recent report to the people of the state has made that ground exceedingly perilous to the attack. Where a deficit was predicted, the state has a $14,000,000 surplus. Every appropriation made was passed by a Republican legislature. Of the total increase for ten years—$135,961,870—over half, or $71,778,225, went to the support of common schools. Do the Republicans wish to denounce the extension and improvement of public education, especially in the rural districts? The next largest item, $27,901,068, has been for highways. Guess how many voters are automobilists or bus riders, and then ask them, if you dare, to wish back the roads of ten years ago, before the ownership of cars had become so general, or to advocate less road work now. To necessary new bridges and tunnels went $5,831,000 of the increase, while to the care of the rapidly increasing number of mentally afflicted was devoted $12,016,423. And so on. The people, said Mr. Smith, "are not against expenditures of public money when it brings 100 percent of return to the state. What they are opposed to is the wasted dollar." A much sounder view of economy, in our opinion, than that of the national administration. If the Republicans can discover real waste in the details of the state's finances, they have every right to attack it, but to object to expenditures without estimating their necessity or their results is sheer dogmatism.

THE United States is responsible for the Borno administration of Haiti—the United States government for setting it up, and the people for allowing its government to do it. When, therefore, news editors of papers in Port-au-Prince are thrown into jail for the crime of having sent a cablegram to a Havana paper protesting against misstatements about matters in Haiti, the government and people of the United States are responsible for their plight. This is too clear to need argument. In a pathetic letter to the New York World, smuggled out of Haiti, the editors and two officers of L'Union Patriotique make known to the suzerain nation the fact that they were arrested on June 20, and have been held almost incommunicado ever since. One of them, who was a delegate to the Pan-American Federation of Labor, attempted to excuse himself by a cablegram to William Green. The despatch was refused in consequence of government censorship. Several of these editors have been in prison before—Charles Moravia, the writer of the letter, four times; Mr. Chauvet twice, Mr. Joliboi, fourteen times. "We have never been tried. So we know that we have no justice to expect, except a word coming from Washington wherefrom Borno's dictatorship derive." What will Washington say? Nothing, unless it hears from the people.

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THE fame of the United States as a refuge for upholders of the political ideals on which this nation was founded is blackened day by day. From the New York Times we learn of the fate of Mario Chiossone, who was deported in January to Italy, in spite of his protest that the Fascist government would murder him. Arrested on his arrival by the Italian police, he has now been tried for anti-Fascist activities in America, and sentenced to twelve and a half years imprisonment. The chief evidence against him was his own letter to the Secretary of Labor begging as a political refugee the asylum of this republic. It would be interesting to know how a letter to an American Cabinet Minister reaches the Italian government, and why Secretary Davis becomes pander to Mussolini.

AS a result of five years' experience, the Industrial Welfare Commission of California, which administers the state minimum wage law for women, is able to furnish convincing evidence against some of the principal theoretical arguments attacking the minimum wage. It is not true in California that there is a tendency for the minimum wage to become the maximum, since the percentage of women receiving above the minimum increased from 46.4 in 1920 to 63.2 in 1925. It is not true that apprentices are dropped when they reach the minimum, since the percentage of learners who receive less than the minimum has fallen from 14.3 in 1920 to 5.8 in 1925. Nor is it true that sub-standard workers, who may be paid less than the minimum, are substituted for normal women, since the law requires all such low-standard workers to be licensed, the law is strictly enforced, and there were only 335 such licenses at the end of 1925, out of about 160,000 employees under the Commission's regulation. The evidence compiled from the certified pay-roll reports also disproves the assertion that the wages of the highest paid will be lowered to make up for the increases to the lowest paid. In 1919, when the minimum was ten dollars a week, only 446 women in the industries covered earned thirty dollars or over; in 1925, when the minimum had been raised to sixteen dollars, there were 6,084 earning over thirty dollars. Finally, the law has not throttled industry and prevented its growth, since the number of establishments employing women increased from 3,077 to 5,597 in the five years, while the number of their women employees grew from 44,373 to 76,566. We recommend this report to the earnest study of Justice Sutherland of the United States Supreme Court, who wrote the majority opinion killing the minimum wage law of the District of Columbia. In California, the theoretical "freedom of contract" of working women which the law upset would literally have implied nothing more than freedom to receive lower wages.

ALABAMA has recently been the scene of an epidemic of floggings, performed by masked men who show their courage, as usual, by maintaining a ratio of at least twenty of themselves to every victim. These floggings have been attributed, reasonably enough, to the Ku Klux Klan; Alabama is notoriously Klan-ridden, and the tactics employed are those the nightshirted knights have made famous. In one instance, even the normal procedure of the K. K. K. has been surpassed. One Arthur Hitt, a Negro land-owner of Jefferson County, had been asked to sell a piece of land, valued at $6,000. He refused, and was thereupon taken from his house and severely beaten. Hitt found this argument impressive, and promptly proceeded to transfer his property at a price of $900. This method of depressing the market for a buyer's benefit has obvious potentialities. Why not work it against the bank president who holds your note? Why not accompany your wife, armed with sheet and cat-o'-nine-tails, when she goes shopping, and persuade the department stores to put on Special Whipping Sales for your especial benefit? Clearly, the Alabamans have uncovered a great economic principle.

Tainted News in Peace

THE Geneva conference has been unique in one respect. From the beginning, the delegations, and particularly the British, have shown the liveliest concern as to what the public thought of their various proposals and counter-proposals. They have recognized the all-important function the journalists play in creating public opinion, and have been loud in their complaints when, as it seemed to them, their ideas were not sympathetically reported. We are glad to add that the complaint of the British against the American newspaper men is, on the whole, unjustified. Two English-language newspapers published in Paris are owned by two American publishers, both of whom are ultra-conservative, aggressively patriotic, and in general devoted to the big-navy idea, and perusal of these sheets seems to have given the Geneva delegates an erroneous idea of the sort of news the United States was getting. While it is true that the American correspondents have, in general, been sympathetic to their country's point of view, they have sinned no more in this direction than have the British and all other journalists, and no more than is inevitable, human nature being what it is.

The incident serves to remind us again of the increasingly important role the press is playing in international relations. This is not a new development, as many persons hastily assume. Organized propaganda existed for many centuries before there was any press; and the various government bureaus which operated during the late so-called Great War could have taught little, so far as theory is concerned, to Napoleon. The difference is that nowadays populations are larger; they have learned to read, but not to discriminate—a fact

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which makes them just as gullible as ever, and more easily reached; and new mechanical devices make it possible to work on a vast scale and at a speed which has been enormously increased.

How the press, in particular, becomes a military weapon during war is now too well known to need further discussion. In every country it is nowadays mobilized at the outbreak of hostilities, or sooner, and in turn performs the indispensable service to the government of mobilizing the population. As our recent experience demonstrated, there is no falsehood about the iniquity of the enemy, or the purity of ourselves and our allies, too absurd for the press to disseminate and the people to swallow.

Many people fail to recognize, however, that in time of peace the press performs a similar function. There is at all times and in most countries a very considerable degree of governmental control of news, with results which are often mischievous to the last degree. This control takes several forms. There is the direct and open censorship of news, both that in the columns of a country's own newspapers, and that sent across the borders by correspondents. There is the indirect, but powerful pressure which is exerted upon a resident correspondent—social recognition, official decorations and occasional exclusive information, if he is "friendly"; ostracism and all sorts of sabotage against him if he is not. There is secret financial control of a newspaper, either through government ownership, or—far more frequently in certain European countries than in the United States—through bribery of the publisher or editor. This is resorted to, by European governments, within the boundaries of their own countries, and sometimes outside them. Well known instances are the bribery of a dozen Paris newspapers by Russia in 1904, and the purchase of the New York Evening Mail and the control of French and Italian newspapers by Germany during the War.

One of the most important aspects of this whole question has to do with control of news agencies and bureaus. Since these may distribute news to as many as a thousand papers or (in the case of exchange between two agencies) several thousand, no influence over individual journals could be so useful to a government as the chance to control, even to a slight degree, the color of the press association news which is sent out over the world.

In wartime the associations, like the newspapers they serve, enlist "for the duration." The managing director of Reuter's, the great world-wide British service, has boasted publicly that from August, 1914, his organization had but a single thought—to help the Allies win the War. Whether or not the means taken were compatible with a proper regard for journalistic ethics is a question which Reuter's would doubtless wave aside, on the ground that "patriotic duty" transcends every obligation of the ordinary morality.

The situation in peace times is not essentially different. The possible usefulness of the press associations for political propaganda makes it inevitable that these organizations should also come within the orbit of government. Therefore it is not surprising to learn that some of the most important are "official," either owned outright by the government, or controlled through subsidies which pay their expenses in whole or in part. These agencies are in some cases linked, through coöperative arrangements, with others which are entirely independent, and, by this exchange of services, their "official news" gets the widest circulation.

The undesirability of this arrangement, from the point of view of the general good, is obvious. It is interesting to note, therefore, that some, at least, of the facts regarding it are likely to be brought out into the open in the near future. The League of Nations has called a conference of journalists, which will meet at Geneva beginning August 24. Among those in attendance will be representatives of independent and official press associations and of a few leading newspapers. Chief among the subjects for discussion is possible action to rescind or nullify a resolution passed at a similar meeting about a year ago. This resolution, which aims to break up official control of news, and which was adopted largely as a result of the efforts of Roy Howard, of the United Press, the independent American service owned by the Scripps-Howard interests, is worth quoting. It said:

> Convinced that the fullest and freest exchange of news and information between nations constitutes one of the surest guarantees of international understanding and friendly relations as well as one of the most certain means for preventing those misunderstandings between nations and peoples that often lead to war, and
>
> Whereas, the telegraphic news agencies constitute at the present time perhaps the greatest as well as the quickest means for this exchange of news and information between nations, and
>
> Whereas, every facility thus acorded these agencies for the fulfillment of their national and international task constitutes a safeguard for the peace of the world as well as a sure furtherance of those highest ideals of international understanding and collaboration that are the fundamental basis of the League of Nations, therefore,
>
> Be it resolved: That all governments of the world be requested to grant and to assure absolute equality of treatment to all telegraphic news agencies, whether official or independent:
>
> In the matter of distribution of all official news;
>
> In the matter of priority or order of transmission of their telegrams;
>
> In the matter of telegraph, telephone, radio and cable rates;
>
> In the matter of treatment by the censor, whenever the internal or international situation of any country may render the establishment of a censorship of press despatches necessary.

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Dictatorship or Democracy in Russia

ARE Trotsky and Zinoviev, the leaders of the Opposition, to be sacrificed on the bloodless guillotine of the Bolshevist Revolution, and be expelled from the Central Committee and from the rank membership of the Russian Communist party? To decide this question, the Bolshevist sanhedrin, consisting of a joint plenary session of the Central Committee and the Central Control Commission, has been meeting in the Kremlin in the first week of August.

There have been few moments in the life of the ruling party in the Soviet Union so pregnant with consequence to the fate of the entire revolution as the present conclave. Shall the Opposition be crushed or shall it be recognized? Shall the monopolistic dictatorship of the Communist party be driven to its relentless logical conclusion, that of devouring its own recalcitrant children? Or shall the heroic occur, and democracy be introduced within the Communist ranks as a preliminary to a two-party system of government?

Perhaps the most significant aspect of the Opposition is not its chameleonic platform or its histrionic leadership, but its irrepressible vitality. The more frequently you cut off one of the heads of the Opposition, the more heads it grows. The life of the Opposition seemingly cannot be crushed. In the last five years, we have more than once heard from Moscow of the "liquidation" of the malcontents in the governing party. We have been told that all the differences were merely theoretical discussions. We have been assured that the sages of the Kremlin know well their lesson of the French Revolution. Bolshevist Russia would evade and avoid politics. Bolshevist Russia would devote itself undividedly to economic tasks. That economic construction presupposes an exchange of opinion was not admitted. That an exchange of opinion must inevitably be free to be fruitful was regarded as bourgeois ethics. That the unity of the Communist party, based on a regimented discipline imposed from above, is in itself conducive to internal dissension and grave peril in times of peace, was not recognized in Moscow.

Yet the Opposition is there to testify to the undying craving for freedom even under a benevolent revolutionary dictatorship. And the Opposition is gaining ground after every periodic attempt to suppress it. Under the hammering of the official machine, bossed by Stalin, the Opposition has acquired singular pliability and power of resistance. Since 1923 it has kept the "monolithic" Communist party in a state of feverish cerebration. It has for four years served as the channel for all prohibited criticism; under its banner have been gathered militant Communists as well as economists of the first rank. Nearly the entire diplomatic corps of the Soviet Union, most of the Bolshevist leaders who had occasion to come into close contact with the realities of the outside world, are allied with the Opposition. The advanced sections of the Communist youth associations are with the Opposition.

What does the Opposition stand for? Its platform, as elaborated in the memorandum submitted last fall to the Central Committee and signed by Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Krupskaya, Lenin, Sokolnikov and others, is weak in its international and economic tenets. It proposes a more active policy of propagating the world revolution abroad, condemning the recent tactics of the Communist International as those of compromise with the opportunist elements of foreign revolutionary bodies. It ascribes the debacle in China, for instance, as due to the anti-Leninist collaboration with the non-communist Kuomintang. At the same time, the Opposition advocates a more decisive policy of attracting foreign capital for the industrialization of the Soviet Union. "The world bankers are our worst enemies," argues the Opposition, "but we have to co-exist with them until the world revolution breaks. Hence, we must offer them lucrative inducements to help us build a socialist state. Such a state cannot be peasant in its foundations. It must be proletarian. It must be industrial. Therefore, the peasants at home must be taxed to the limit, and made to yield their accumulated capital to the state for its industrialization program."

The strength of the Opposition, however, lies in its attack on Stalin's one-man rule of the party, which in turn rules the country. The Opposition is for democracy within the party. It denies that it is for factionalism, and it claims that the Stalin group is the destructive element, by its suppression of free criticism and of any debates. It produces incontrovertible evidence of the steam-rolling tactics of the Political Bureau of the Central Committee. It points out that any dissenting view is hailed by the powers-that-be as heresy, and that the party has become a servile bureaucracy gradually degenerating into a blind tool to be seized by a coming Bonapartist adventurer.

Stalin is regarded by the Opposition as the embodiment of the Napoleonic trend in the Soviet structure. Trotsky has accused him of being the "Noske of the Russian Revolution." In Bolshevist terminology the name of Noske stands for assassin. If Noske was responsible for the death of Liebknecht and Luxemburg, Stalin would be responsible for the decapitation of Trotsky and Zinoviev. Such is the sinister inference of the Trotsky charge. The Opposition claims that Bonapartism was made possible in France by a revolutionary class which had lost all its original faith and ardor, and by a passive petty bourgeois peasantry. Stalin's followers in Russia today are mostly of the job-holding variety, disenchanted Communists weary of experimentation and fond of power. Stalin controls the huge poli-

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tical machine of the government which, by its very nature, is bound to be conservative in its outlook. Moreover, Stalin's orientation has been in the direction of the peasant, whose economic interests are undeniably counter-revolutionary, in the sense that they are opposed to communism.

The Opposition represents all that is vital and aggressive in the Bolshevist ranks. The Opposition is the true soldiery of the revolution, preserving all its perilous fire. The unsettled strata of the revolutionary body, the makers of the Red Army, the combatant leaders of the Communist International, the captains of the early Terror, in a word, the elements who are temperamentally unorthodox, are in the Opposition.

The paradox of the situation is that the Opposition, committed to militant communism, is at the same time the champion of democracy. The members of the Opposition were originally the most intransigent builders of the dictatorship they now seek to modify. History has yet to show how it is possible to erect an ironclad one-party dictatorship without destroying liberty within the ruling party itself. On the other hand, once democracy is introduced within the party, it must lead eventually to the formation of at least a two-party system, a reversion to the "decrepit" parliamentary system.

Hence, the cry of Stalin and his cohorts that Trotsky and Zinoviev are not at all what they claim to be, that, instead of being Leninists, they are, perhaps unwittingly, renegades whose mission is the abolition of the dictatorship and the introduction of the "abominable" social-democratic program. It is, indeed, a potent argument for the dictator's point of view. And it is justified by the existence of the Opposition during the past four years. In spite of the numerous checks administered to it by Stalin, and in spite of its own professions to the contrary, the vigor and continuous growth of the Opposition indicate that it is nothing if not a second party. True, it has no distinct name. It is not legalized as a political organization. But an organization it is. It holds secret meetings. It circulates confidential literature. Above all, it has one aim which characterizes a political party, the aim to power.

The issue confronting Moscow at this moment is, therefore, as important as it is ironical. It seems as if the Opposition must either be legalized or be crushed by terrorism once for all. The dictatorship is at the parting of the ways. If Stalin and his associates proceed to recognize the Opposition as a legitimate medium for the free expression of party opinion, they will take a step toward "democracy" (though only in the most limited sense as far as the country at large is concerned) which would prove a source of strength to the government, giving it a moral prestige at home and abroad which it now badly lacks. Should Trotsky, Zinoviev and the other Opposition spokesmen be expelled from the party (in Russia, expulsion is equivalent to more than excommunication from society), it would but serve to drive deeper into the soil the roots of discontent, and might pave the way for an ultimate eruption of mutual terror, disastrous to the Soviet Union. The choice offered, then, to the Soviet dictators, is between an approach to the detested parliamentarism and dire peril to the state.

Mince-Pie and Morality

SOME malicious citizens of the State of Kansas (where the sale of cigarettes used to be forbidden by law) recently petitioned their legislature for a bill prohibiting the manufacture, sale and perhaps even the consumption of mince-pie, on the ground that this most formidable of all our eatables makes children restless at night and gives them terrifying nightmares.

Our Kansas friends were, of course, not shooting at mince-pie, but at such measures as the late anti-cigarette law. They were trying, by a public act of burlesque, to show their fellow Kansans how silly it is to regulate habits of eating, drinking and smoking by governmental act. Some people will laugh with them, a few at them; one or two members of the blue fellowship will be converted, the majority will fail to see the point, and the whole thing will blow over. But their petition raises several questions which lie at the bottom of our innumerable legal taboos and censorships, questions which are worth discussing. The mince-pie petitioners say, in effect: "If the use of one product is to be forbidden as harmful to the human frame, then it follows logically that we should forbid other products which are equally harmful, or even more so." They assume that the prohibitionists bar certain objects, and certain acts, because they wish to take away from their fellow men things which are injurious to health. The Kansans' assumption is incorrect, or rather, they have simplified facts for the sake of argument. They know, as do we, that the things prohibited in this country are not prohibited by any means solely because they are believed to harm the partaker of them, but far more because their use and consumption shocks the moral centers and offends the good taste of certain members of the population.

Take the very case of Kansas, for instance, and its historic proscription of cigarettes. We who live a thousand miles away imagine, with the prejudice of superiority, that a majority of Kansas' legislators must once have decided that nicotine is injurious. The truth is otherwise. It would be nearer the truth to say that the legislators decided that nicotine is vicious or immoral, but the truth would still be at some distance. As a matter of fact, Kansas, while it was firm against the cigarette, allowed the sale and consumption of cigars and pipe and chewing tobacco to proceed unmolested. Kansas did not, by any means, believe that tobacco is either

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vicious or harmful, after all. Then why did it discriminate against the cigarette? In many circles of American society, chiefly western and out-of-doors, you may freely roll your own, but to smoke "tailor-mades" is unmanly and effete. Kansas was several steps farther back into the past. Thirty or forty years ago, cigarettes were quite generally frowned upon as unmanly. He-men smoked pipes or cigars, and chewed tobacco, but cigarettes had the taint of the dude, the sissy and the underworld about them. There remain a good many places in the United States where men still tote guns, wear galluses, ride in buggies and drink whiskey out of a dipper. And you can still hear husky workmen at forty or fifty, even in eastern cities, refer slightingly to cigarettes as "pimp-sticks." It was this old-time male revulsion, rather than the hygieno-religious-female prejudice which calls them "coffin-nails," that led Kansas to discriminate against them.

The "coffin-nail" party is responsible for most of our prohibitions; the "pimp-stick" faction is allied with it only occasionally. The people who fight, and frequently prevent, liquor, gambling, boxing, dancing, Sunday amusements, have been kicked around so capably and so long that there is no use adding, to an interminable Dunciad, our own couplet of scorn. But if the silliness of their morality has been jeered at enough, there is still point in commenting on the confusion and multiplicity of the motives behind the prohibitory state of mind. These people want to forbid things: because the Bible condemns them, or, if the Bible does not, because the sect does; because the people who indulge in them are often "immoral"; because they waste earnings and impoverish families; because they are ugly, noisy and take place on tawdry premises; because there are better things to do; because they result in tangible, physical damage to the partaker or his relatives; because they are "queer," because they make the young unruly; or simply because they are "wrong." Behind these objections there is some sound instinct, much ignorance, more habit, tons of prejudice, acres of bigotry, almost no reasoning, and complete absence of a guiding principle.

We laugh at these people, but we are afraid of their power. "Woe be to that Man" (to quote from Robert South), "woe be to that Man who stands in the way of a meagre, mortified, fasting, sharp-set Zeal, when it is in full chase of its spiritual Game." How much more alarming, it occurs to us, would they be if, in addition, they armed themselves with logic, with all-embracing reason, with a guiding principle! On the contrary—they would be the weaker for it. If they set down, with a clear mind, all the things harmful to man which should be forbidden him, they could neither put such prohibitions in force nor fan themselves to the fever pitch of believing in them. Prejudice is their sword, and feeling the strong arm that wields it. If enough people (not necessarily a majority) feel deeply on the subject, they can put through laws to forbid professional baseball, wearing straw hats in April, speaking foreign languages in public, putting down the top of the automobile and keeping goloshes unbuckled. But reasonable agreement by a vast majority of the people that they eat the wrong foods and too much of them, or waste time on holidays, or neglect their children, will never, if fanatic zeal be absent, put a comma of a law about these things on the statute books.

If we were in a prohibitory frame of mind (we can easily believe it to be a pleasant one) and were chosen by popular acclaim to forbid habits and commodities which are, in the cold light of reason, harmful to human happiness, we should find our prohibitions coinciding at almost no point with those now in force. We should, indeed, be much nearer the Kansas petitioners, for whose condemnation there is much to be said. Tobacco, dancing, the theater, sexual license, irreligion, prize-fighting, Sunday frivolities, blasphemy—all of them lumped together are a lesser menace to human health and happiness than eating the wrong foods at the wrong time, or too little of some and too much of others. Away, then, with all minor restrictions; let us have instead a Nourishment Amendment, a vast scientific Mosaic code, formulated by experts, backed by the Treasury's millions, upheld by an army of secret agents, secretly defied by the rich and the young, violated in the largest cities, but respected by the majority. If it could be enforced, we would all be several times happier, for meanness, cruelty, selfishness, despair, and unsuccessfulness, seven times out of ten, proceed from the gizzards upward to the heart and mind.

This would be the chief law, but after its success had turned our head, we should follow it with other enactments, prohibiting fear, late hours, boredom, day-dreaming, and requiring sleep with open windows, regular exercise, and an apple a day. The result, assuming strict enforcement, ought to be an increase in happiness and therefore in morality.

But this is only a happy fancy. Actually, ill-health and liberty will triumph together.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Meaning of the Rumanian Crisis

THE Graustarkian tragi-comedy of the royal court of Bucharest, the initial scenes of which were staged eighteen months ago by the romantic and mettlesome Crown Prince Carol, has suddenly lost its farcical elements and is now swiftly assuming the somber contours of a grim drama. Over the dead body of King Ferdinand I, who left his country in a state of complete chaos, an embittered political war is raging, and the desperate struggle for the supreme power, which is being fought with the foul methods of Balkan politics, has divided, not only the political parties and the powerful oligarchy already aligned in hostile camps, but even the members of Rumania's ruling dynasty.

It is, however, not the human appeal of the Rumanian drama which has focussed the attention of the European chancellories upon the personal affairs of the House of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen and has caused them to follow the events in Rumania with perceptible nervousness. However intriguing the melodramatic elements of the fierce battle between Prince Carol and his family may be, they would not alone justify the tense interest with which the outcome of the Rumanian struggle is being awaited in the world of international politics.

The real importance of the Rumanian events lies in an entirely different direction. With the death of King Ferdinand, all those grave internal and external problems which have driven this least stable of all European countries to the verge of complete chaos, and have made Rumania the eternal source of dramatic surprises, have become acute. Their drastic solution could easily result in a general conflagration in the Balkans. Rumania is not, and never has been, the subject of international politics, but the object. Any drastic change in its political course would naturally be followed by dramatic moves of its immediate neighbors, and of the great powers which have always regarded Rumania as a pawn in the imperialistic chess game. The situation in Rumania has become ripe for a change, and it is of eminent interest for every one of the European powers which road Rumania will take under its new rulers.

To understand the intricacies of Rumania's foreign alignments and to see clearly the various possibilities they offer, one must know the underlying situation prevailing in this key-state of the Balkan peninsula. Before the War, Rumania was a purely national state, inhabited by one race only; its place in the powerful alliances was fixed by a military convention with Austria-Hungary and Germany; it had neither nationality problems nor problems of any kind in the field of international politics. After the War, this situation underwent a radical change. As a reward for joining the Allies, Rumania received vast territories which had formerly belonged to Austria, Hungary, Russia and Bulgaria. The bold dream of "Romania Mare," a greater Rumania, was realized.

The union of all Rumanians, however, could not be brought about without bringing a great number of foreign nationalities under Rumanian rule. The incorporation of Transylvania and the Banat brought more than 1,500,000 Magyars and Germans under the scepter of Bucharest. The Bulgarians of the Dobrudja represented a constant menace for the safety of the post-war Rumania, and the possession of Bessarabia created a new "Russian problem" for the greater Rumania, which was utterly untrained in the handling of political questions of such delicate nature. Instead of trying to assimilate, or at least to appease, its various national minorities by granting them full cultural and political rights, the successive Rumanian governments did everything in their power to incur the hatred of the new citizens of the country, to such extent that not only the members of the various racial groups regarded the Bucharest government as their deadly enemy, but also the Rumanians of the "liberated" districts.

The effect of this unfortunate policy was disastrous for the new Rumania. In Bessarabia alone, more than one hundred revolutionary movements have been uncovered and suppressed and thousands of peasants have been slain during the insurrections. In Transylvania, where the new regime was corrupt to an appalling degree, feelings ran at times so high that Rumanian leaders there gave voice to the opinion that under the present circumstances Transylvania is entitled to a full autonomy. The whole country was torn by feuds and political convulsions, and, to connoisseurs of the real situation, Greater Rumania appeared to be a state infinitely weaker and less stable than the smaller Rumania of pre-war days had ever been.

The masters of "Romania Mare" realized very soon that the spoils of the War, which brought so little blessing to the country, could not be secured against a possible concentrated attack of the vanquished without powerful new alliances which would give Rumania the feeling of comparative safety. Immediately after the War, Rumania was instrumental in the foundation of the Little Entente, which appeared to be strong enough to counter-balance every effort toward a restoration of the former Danubian Monarchy and which was able to keep in check the irate Hungarians and Bulgarians longing for revenge. Still more important, from the point of view of Rumania's safety, was its mili-

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tary entente with Poland. This latter alliance, which became one of the cornerstones of Rumanian foreign policy, was directed against Soviet aggression, and offered a comparatively safe refuge for Rumania in case of a new Bessarabian conflict. Both of these alliances were completely in line with the marked pro-French course of Rumanian foreign policy.

The aspects of the international situation, however, have suddenly changed during the last two years. The first link in the chain of Rumania's system of international defense which showed signs of weakening was the artificial structure of the Little Entente. Each of the three allied countries undertook extensive extra tours in its foreign policy, according to its own specific interest. While Rumania demanded a strongly accentuated anti-Soviet policy, Jugoslavia and Czechoslovakia were unwilling to follow this course, and instead of supporting the Rumanian aspirations, they were both eager to make their relations to the great eastern power more friendly.

It happened that, just about the same time, Italian diplomacy began its startling moves in the Balkan countries. Albania and Bulgaria were already closely allied with Mussolini's Italy, Hungary was about to sign a treaty with the Fascist dictator, and Italy seemed to be the rising sun of the Balkan diplomatic sky. General Alexander Averescu, at that time the pilot of Rumania's ship of state, considered the time ripe for a rather spectacular change of course. Mussolini offered him the ratification of the treaty which gave Bessarabia to Rumania, he offered extensive loans and support of every kind in case of a conflict with the Soviets. There was, in fact, no reason for rejecting the outstretched hand of Signor Mussolini, who offered concrete advantages and asked in return nothing but a deviation from the traditional Rumanian pro-French course. The deal was closed, and Rumania left the French sphere of interest for the sake of receiving more efficient protection from the Anglo-Italian combination.

Such was the state of affairs when the internal political storm broke in Rumania. Shortly before his death, King Ferdinand demanded the resignation of the Averescu cabinet, and, after a short interim of Prince Stirbey's government, the supreme power passed into the hands of that Ionel Bratiano whose political and financial interests were linked by a thousand chains to Paris. With the death of King Ferdinand, this pro-French Bratiano, this old representative of Rumania's absolute and unconditional French course, this past master of political intrigue, became virtually the dictator of Rumania, uniting in his strong hands all political, financial, economic and military power.

The reaction of this change on the English-Italian group was apparent, and the diplomatic counter-stroke of London followed swiftly. A few weeks after M. Bratiano established his new regime, Europe was startled by a press campaign of Lord Rothermere, who demanded the revision of the Treaty of Trianon. The heir of the late Lord Northcliffe condescended to write with his own hand a series of articles in his newspapers, launching a furious attack against the succession states of the former Danubian Monarchy and pointing out particularly the suppression and persecution of the Hungarians living within the frontiers of Rumania. The deeper meaning of this, perhaps, too timely attack of Lord Rothermere upon the succession states was at least as clear to every observer of political trends in Europe as the meaning of the sudden fall of General Averescu and the installation of M. Bratiano as Prime Minister of Rumania. Everyone who knows Lord Rothermere's intimate relations with the Foreign Office is able to draw his own inference from the fact that the most powerful master of English publicity demands the revision of the Treaty of Trianon at a moment when Rumania is about to take French leave from the camp of Italo-English interests.

The Treaty of Trianon, however, will not be revised within the next few months. For the time being, neither the English nor the Italian press joined in Lord Rothermere's demand. His threat to propose a revision of the peace treaty remained a *ballon d'essai*, a well applied threat to Rumania and to the Bratiano group. The real struggle for the dominance of Rumania is far from an end. There is an infinite variety of possibilities, all of which are able to give a new aspect to the state of affairs. Here is the Former Crown Prince Carol, sitting in his villa in Neuilly and waiting for a call to return to his native land. He is an ardent admirer of Mussolini and an avowed friend of his country's Italo-English course. It is so easy to stir up a little revolution either in Bessarabia, where the dissatisfaction with the Rumanian rule long ago reached the boiling-point, or in Transylvania, where there are Magyars and Germans, and even Rumanians, who would be only too glad to march against Bucharest. There are many ways to teach Bucharest a lesson. The country is surrounded with enemies eager to crush the leading Balkan power, and more than one-quarter of the country's population is only waiting for a sign to liberate themselves from a rule of ruthless oppression and persecution.

This is the reason why the final act of the Rumanian royal drama is being awaited with such high-pitched expectation all over Europe. For Paris and London, Rome and Berlin, Budapest and Moscow, the quintessence of the Rumanian problem is not the question whether Queen Marie or Prince Carol will rule supreme in Bucharest, but whether the stability of international relations can be upset through a well timed revolution in the key state of the Balkans.

EMERY DERI.

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Who Owns the Nation's Wealth?

I

THE national Republican campaign manager, "Silent Cal" Coolidge, recently discoursed on the "wider division of wealth" in the United States, insisting that "the results of prosperity are going more and more into the homes of the land and less into the enrichment of the few."

This, of course, is simply political buncombe. But it also expresses the persistent war-bred illusion of the "more equal" distribution of wealth. This illusion does persist, in spite of the War's illusions now being wreckage; it is the creed of business and politics; and it is, moreover, often expressed in the Labor movement, particularly by the organizers of trade-union corporate enterprises.

II

Although the Federal Trade Commission's recent report on National Wealth and Income is being used to support the assumption of a more widespread distribution of wealth, the report's statistics actually prove nothing of the sort.

The Commission compiled and compared 2,854 estates in 1912 and 4,160 in 1923—estates considered fairly representative of city, town and rural population. The conclusion is that the comparison "indicates an apparent trend toward a somewhat wider distribution [of wealth]. In 1912, about 29 percent of all the probated estates amounted to less than $1,000 each, while in 1923 only 20.8 percent were less than $1,000. Furthermore, in 1912 the estates of over $100,000 each amounted to 52.6 percent of the total value of all estates probated, while in 1923 they amounted to only 45.9 percent of the total." The limited nature of the conclusion is suggestive: "an *apparent* trend toward a *somewhat* wider distribution." But the conclusion becomes still more limited upon analysis.

In the period under consideration, there was a decline in the value of money, the average purchasing power of which in 1923 (on the basis of the general price level) was 45 percent below pre-war. (Carl Snyder, "Journal of the American Statistical Association," June, 1924, p. 193.) This would automatically raise the value of all estates. Consequently the decline in number of estates below $1,000 would not indicate a lessening of the concentration of wealth, but simply that the smaller estates moved upward because of the inflation of values. In terms of real values, the comparison should roughly be between estates below $500 in 1912 and below $1,000 in 1923. On this basis the comparable estates in 1912 amounted to 16.4 percent (below $500) of the total, and 20.8 percent (below $1,000) in 1923, percentages of total value being .3 percent and .6 percent respectively. The percentages about equal each other, particularly since the comparison should be with estates somewhat above $500 in 1912 (for which there are no figures). The inescapable conclusion is that the lower estates remained practically stationary, that whatever change there was in the relative distribution of wealth was not in favor of the lower layers of the population.

The decline in the estates of $100,000 and over was, however, real, since they increased slightly in number, from 2.1 percent to 2.4 percent of all estates, while the value decreased from 52.6 percent to 45.9 percent of the total—a decline of 6.7 points. The decrease, however, was owing to the value of the largest estates, of $1,000,000 and over, decreasing from 20.2 percent in 1912 to 8.5 percent in 1923. But, of this 11.7 points decline in the largest estates, 5 points were absorbed by estates between $100,000 and $1,000,000 (which rose in value from 32.4 percent to 37.4 percent), and 6.7 points by estates between $10,000 and $100,000. The latter estates also gained .6 points from the lower, their percentage of value rising from 33.4 percent in 1912 to 40.7 percent in 1923.

There is indicated, accordingly, a slight decline in the concentration of wealth in favor of the intermediate estates. The Commission's complete percentages emphasize this, as they show that of the probated estates,

—80 percent in 1912 owned 14 percent of the total wealth, while 73.5 percent in 1923 owned 13.4 percent (if the 1923 percentage included enough estates to raise the value of 14 percent, they would about equal the 80 percent of 1912);

—17.9 percent in 1912 owned 33.4 percent, while 24.1 percent in 1923 owned 40.7 percent; and

—2.1 percent in 1912 owned 52.6 percent, while 2.4 percent in 1923 owned 45.9 percent.

The overwhelming majority of estates remained almost stationary, while the very largest declined slightly in favor of the intermediate estates.

But even this statistically indicated conclusion is limited and modifiable. The decline in the largest estates was probably much smaller than appears statistically. In the period under consideration, there was considerable splitting up of the largest estates prior to the owners' death, in order to avoid "excessive" inheritance taxes, which would produce a purely nominal decline in the value of these estates when probated. Moreover, was even the probable slight redistribution of wealth in favor of the intermediate estates a permanent

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development, or was it simply a product of temporary conditions? Between 1917 and 1921 there was a considerable decline in the share of the national income received by our wealthier citizens. The share of the national income received by incomes of $5,000 and up had declined almost 40 percent by 1921, but in 1925 they received, on the basis of the income-tax reports, 15 percent of the national income, which, after including tax-exempt income and an allowance for underestimating, would about equal the 16.1 percent received in 1916 (this latter percentage including incomes between $3,000 and $5,000, since, owing to the depreciation of money, a $5,000 income in 1925 was roughly equivalent to a $3,000 income in 1916). The relative decline in income would conceivably express itself in a decline in the relative amount of wealth owned, but the recovery in the concentration of income would again "normalize" the concentration of wealth. Since the decline was in the largest estates ($1,000,000 and over), it is well to mention that, while incomes of $70,000 up (roughly equivalent to estates of $1,000,000 and over) received 2.2 percent of the national income in 1923, they received 3.4 percent in 1925.

The Commission made no comparison of all decedents' estates, probated and unprobated, between 1912 and 1923, but found that, in 1923, 1 percent of all decedents owned 59 percent of the estimated wealth. In 1916, the Industrial Relations Commission estimated that 1 percent of the people owned 60 percent of the nation's wealth. Where, then, is the "more widespread" distribution of wealth? All the statistics and all the circumstances indicate that, while the wage-earners are receiving slightly higher real wages, investing (very moderately!) in stocks and bonds, and acquiring radios, rebuilt automobiles and alley-cat furs, there has been no change in the relative distribution of wealth as between the working class and the other class groupings. This is emphasized by the decrease in the farmers' share of the national income, the decline in the value of agricultural property, and the increase in farm mortgages and tenancy.

Indeed, the Federal Trade Commission's statistics, which are used to prove the more widespread distribution of wealth, prove, on the contrary, how solid are the foundations of its unequal distribution and concentration. Between 1916 and 1923, there was a gigantic war, heavy taxation on profits and the larger incomes, the inheritance tax, a decline in the share of the national income received by the larger incomes, a catastrophic business depression—but in spite of these serious political and economic disturbances, the unequal distribution and concentration of wealth, so far as the smaller estates are concerned, persisted, unshaken, unmodified, all claims to the contrary notwithstanding: the slight changes being within the classes which own most of the nation's wealth.

III

By including decedents leaving estates so small that they were not probated (76.5 percent of all decedents) and assigning these "estates" an estimated average value of $258, the Commission found that:

—79.8 percent of all decedents (estates below $500) owned 5.4 percent of the wealth;

—14.9 percent ($500 to $10,000) owned 12.7 percent;

—4.2 percent ($10,000 to $50,000) owned 23 percent; and

—1.1 percent (over $50,000) owned 58.9 percent.

The concentration revealed is sufficiently overwhelming. The average value for all estates was $3,800, but the value of over 91 percent was below the average; while 13 percent of the decedents owned more than 90 percent of the wealth. On the basis of the Commission's figures (79.8 percent of decedents owning 5.4 percent of the wealth) a very small portion of the national wealth is owned by the overwhelming majority of our agricultural and industrial producers.

Suggestive as they are, the Commission's statistics do not reveal (except indirectly) the class distribution of wealth. This class distribution can be ascertained by limiting our analysis to income-yielding wealth or property (the Commission includes all forms of wealth, productive and non-productive, that for individual use alone and that yielding income). This is particularly important. By capitalizing income as reported in the income-tax returns, supplemented by other sources, we are able to reach measurably valid results; and, while this method has its disadvantages, they are more than offset by the advantages.

According to the report on Statistics of Income, 1924, issued by the Bureau of Internal Revenue, income-tax payers received, in 1924, a property income of about $9,000,000,000 (exclusive of income from government bonds, business and partnerships), distributed as follows: incomes below $3,000, $1,880,000,000; $3,000 to $10,000, $2,695,000,000; above $10,000, $4,425,000,000. Capitalizing this income on the basis of an average 5 percent yield, we get total property of $180,000,000,000, distributed as follows: incomes below $3,000, $37,600,000,000; $3,000 to $10,000, $53,900,000,000; above $10,000, $88,500,000,000.

Not all income-yielding property is represented in income-tax returns. What is the total? The Federal Trade Commission's estimate of national wealth in 1922 was $353,000,000,000. But almost $100,000,000,000 of that is excluded in our analysis, since it consists of government and other tax-exempt property, streets and public roads, furniture and personal effects, etc., and large amounts of income-yielding property not owned by indi-

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viduals. Let us make a different approach, limiting the compilation to income-yielding property owned by individuals.

First of all come corporate stocks and bonds, $82,000,000,000 ($62,000,000,000 stocks and $20,000,000,000 bonds, exclusive of about $24,000,000,000 owned by corporations, institutions and foreign investors).

Of perhaps $85,000,000,000 of business and residential real estate (that is, exclusive of real estate in agriculture, manufacturing, public utilities and mining), probably $55,000,000,000 was individually owned and income-yielding, the balance being represented by mortgages owned by banks, insurance companies, etc., or used directly by the owners, business and personal.

In addition there was $21,000,000,000 of savings deposits, $4,750,000,000 building and loan assets, and $8,000,000,000 of foreign securities, exclusive of $500,000,000 held by banks and perhaps $1,000,000,000 owned by corporations and foreign investors. (All statistics are as of 1924. In this compilation, overlapping is avoided by taking the "net" amount of real estate, corporate and government securities; that is, less the probable amount represented by mortgages and securities owned by banks, insurance companies, etc.)

There are still two final items—agricultural property and government bonds, only slightly represented in income-tax returns, and not represented thus far in our estimate of income-yielding property, tax-exempt income being non-reportable and farmers' income appearing under "business and partnerships."

In 1924, government bonds (federal, state and municipal) amounted to $32,000,000,000. Corporations (including banks and insurance companies) owned $12,750,000,000, on the basis of $517,000,000 interest received in 1924 ("Statistics of Income," 1924, p. 123). Non-taxable corporations and institutions owned $2,625,000,000 (C. O. Hardy, "Tax-Exempt Securities," p. 51), while we may assign foreign holders $625,000,000. These items total $16,000,000,000, leaving $16,000,000,000 in the ownership of individual Americans, (and included in our compilation of income-yielding property).

Incomes of $5,000 up in 1924 reported ownership of $5,218,560,000 of partially and wholly tax-exempt securities; but, according to Treasury officials (New York Times, November 22, 1925), the real amount was in excess of twice the amount reported—say $11,000,000,000. That leaves $5,000,000,000 of government bonds, or 15 percent of the total, in the ownership of all incomes below $5,000, constituting about 98 percent of the gainfully occupied; which effectively shatters the conception, based on the widespread ownership of government bonds, that ours is "a nation of bondholders." Of the $5,000,000,000, we may assign (arbitrarily) $2,000,000,000 to incomes between $3,000 and $5,000, $2,000,000,000 to non-wage-earner incomes below $3,000, and $500,000,000 each to farmers and wage-earners.

The value of agricultural property in 1924 was $59,000,000,000; but only $45,500,000,000 is to be included in our estimate of income-yielding property, since mortgage and other indebtedness represents $12,000,000,000 (owned mostly by banks and insurance companies) and the value of corporate agricultural property, $1,500,000,000, the income of which appears in the form of interest on savings deposits, dividends, etc. Operator-owners' net ownership is reduced still further by deducting the value of rented land to $32,500,000,000 ("Crops and Markets," July, 1925, p. 236). That is increased to $35,000,000,000 by perhaps $2,500,000,000 of rented land owned by the more prosperous farmers, the balance being owned by urban speculators and retired farmers.

Combining the various items, the total of income-yielding property individually owned is slightly over $232,000,000,000, distributed approximately as follows:

Farmers: property in farms, $35,000,000,000, savings deposits, $2,500,000,000, corporate stocks and bonds, $1,500,000,000, government bonds, $500,000,000; total, $39,500,000,000.

Wage-earners: savings deposits, $6,000,000,000, corporate stock and bonds, $1,500,000,000, government bonds, $500,000,000, building and loan investments, $2,000,000,000; total, $10,000,000,000.*

Incomes of $3,000 to $10,000: previously ascertained, $53,900,000,000, plus $3,000,000,000 of government bonds, plus probably $1,000,000,000 owned by perhaps 250,000 individuals appearing in the tax reports in incomes under $3,000 because of underestimating, etc.; total, $57,900,000,000.

Incomes above $10,000: previously ascertained, $88,500,000,000, plus $10,000,000,000 of government bonds; total, $98,500,000,000.

The balance of $26,100,000,000 (an exceptionally speculative estimate) is owned by non-wage-earners with incomes below $3,000, comprising petty business and manufacturing entrepreneurs, shopkeepers, professionals, employees in supervisory and managerial positions, etc.

The final distribution for 1924 is:

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*The assignments of savings and securities to farmers and wage-earners are largely arbitrary, but roughly in accord with probable distribution. Analysis of the depositors in a Philadelphia savings institution revealed under one-third as wage-earners, while the majority of investors in building and loan associations are clearly non-wage-earners. Farmers' savings are probably overestimated. Analysis of corporate stock ownership reveals the wage-earners as owning under $1,000,000,000, and farmers probably the same amount. (In 1926, employee stock-ownership amounted to over $700,000,000, but about one-half of this was owned by employees other than wage-earners.) To each group is assigned a probable ownership of $500,000,000 of corporate bonds, out of approximately $20,000,000,000 individually owned.

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THE CLASS DISTRIBUTION OF INCOME-YIELDING PROPERTY (1924)

Income Group or Class	*Number Gainfully Occupied*	*Percent of Gainfully Occupied*	*Amount of Income-Yielding Property Owned*	*Percent of all Property*
Wage-earners	27,100,000	63.0	$10,000,000,000	4.3
Farmers	6,585,000	14.9	39,500,000,000	17.0
Non-wage-earners:				
Below $3,000	6,755,000	15.7	26,100,000,000	11.2
$3,000-$10,000	2,500,000	5.8	57,900,000,000	25.0
Above $10,000	260,000	.6	98,500,000,000	42.5
Total	43,000,000	100.0	$232,000,000,000	100.0

This table is based upon income-yielding property individually owned, and excludes property not so owned.

The inequality and class concentration of ownership of income-yielding property is overwhelming, 6.4 percent of the gainfully occupied owning 67.5 percent of income-yielding property. Ownership is a non-wage-earner prerogative.

Concentration is still more overwhelming than appears in the statistics of class distribution. The wage-earners' share is concentrated in a few millions of the better-paid workers. Of the farmers, 2,500,000 are tenants and 1,800,000 others own farms mortgaged to an average of 30 percent of their value. Not all non-wage-earners below $3,000 are owners of income-yielding property. Combining the real owners in all groups, probably not more than 11,000,000 individuals, or under 25 percent of the gainfully occupied, own more than 95 percent of income-yielding property. That is the final concentration.

LEWIS COREY.

Notes on Hemingway

THE NICHE.—Every once in a while somebody comes along and does something to American fiction from which it never quite recovers. Whoever does this is promptly hoisted into a special little niche, comfortable but not lucrative, running water but no bath—the niche of the New Note in American Litterature. Sherwood Anderson was the last genuine tenant, but he hasn't paid any rent since the three or four stories in "The Triumph of The Egg," which make the rest of his work seem like a sincere and complicated fog. Ring Lardner and F. Scott Fitzgerald have sub-let the Niche from time to time, and either of them might at any moment sign a long lease. At present, the name on the door is Hemingway.

Perhaps he isn't a great writer, but he does belong to the American handful. He has the singular power of taking the shine off most contemporary fiction and making it seem hollow and unexciting. He is curiously limited, and he has a curious original magic which is partly the result of the limitations. Between what he was doing four years ago and what he is doing now there is a gre[illegible] of the same [illegible] Produce the curve for the [illegible] th

short and very short stories and sketches originally published some four years ago in Paris, then greatly expanded and published in New York two years later. Second: "Torrents of Spring," by all accounts a soggy, hip-booted parody of the Chicago School of Fiction, viz., Sherwood Anderson, which those who have read it do not advise others to read, so we shan't. Third: "The Sun Also Rises," already well known to you, and to more men than usually read American novels. Since then, two or three short stories in Scribner's and the Atlantic, among them "The Killers." "The Sun Also Rises" jerked Hemingway in a few weeks from the obscurity of a White Hope to the notoriety of a moderate best seller. For years the Boys in the Back Room of Literature had known that he was [illegible] pion, and "In Our Time" (in its [illegible] sion) proved that they were right [illegible] of the book, "Big True-heart[illegible] up pretty proudly beside [illegible] can writing, ancient [illegible] or mineral. For [illegible] sensuous keenn[illegible]

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clef floated on *vin ordinaire*. Lots of people took it instead of a trip abroad. It was dull in spots, consciously so. Sometimes this very dullness was successful and became exciting. Whenever this happens, the New Note in Am. Lit. has been Struck.

First prize—If Hemingway had never written anything but "The Killers," in the March Scribner's, he would still be one of those "who is going to be heard from." Or, more accurately, a tableful of cognoscenti would talk about him for ten days and the readers of the Saturday Evening Post would go right on mowing the lawn. "The Killers," no matter how able you had thought Hemingway before, is a surprise. This cuss, you say to yourself, is more adaptable than I had thought, more enterprising, and more mysterious. Impossible to say what he can or cannot do. He may continue cutting across lots until he Gets There. What are the others doing all this time? Dreiser is two volumes, Lardner alternates pot-boiling with comebacks, Anita Loos is too good to be true, Fitzgerald is a salad of signposts, some of them pointing backwards; Fannie Hurst blows out all the fuses, Willa Cather has gone indoors, Hergesheimer is a very, very expensive antique, Sinclair Lewis was a blizzard but is now only a sandstorm, so Hemingway seems to be in the lead.

Virtuous People—are again making the rediscussion of ancient axioms tediously necessary. They assert that characters as worthless as those in "The Sun Also Rises" are not interesting to read about. They are angry because Hemingway has been wasting his time and theirs in the company of drunks and loafers. It is quite useless to repeat to the Virtuous People that everything, particularly human beings, is interesting if it can be made to seem so. Some of these Virtuous People are intelligent enough to know better, but intelligence, when allied with virtue, invariably lets virtue take the wheel. The only amicable answer is to redefine, very slowly and distinctly, the purposes for which Fiction was brought into this beautiful world.

The Function of Fiction—Fiction should represent things as the writer sees them. Fiction should entertain. Fiction should edify. Fiction should
aracters. Fiction should penetrate
the Matter. Fiction should bear
Times. Fiction should always
Fiction should answer the
Fiction should be the
eautiful glass jars.
, but it should
er to become
atly sc

Fiction should champion the white corpuscles in their eternal warfare against the red corpuscles. Fiction should encourage celibacy, punctuality and the manufacture of better cuff-links.

They Say—and whenever they do, the Virtuous People prick up their ears—all sorts of things about Hemingway, of which, interesting as they are, only one item is important for us here. Hemingway used to be a newspaper man. But 90 percent of the competent newspaper men who turn to fiction write incompetent stuff which is neither fiction nor reporting. No matter what he was, Hemingway is a reporter now. They Say that all his characters are real people, literally translated into print, and that the persons of "The Sun Also Rises" were practically kidnapped into the book. Anyone who has lately lived in Paris or the Pyrenees can give you their names and marital status, if any. I know two of them myself. They Say that Hemingway attaches himself to a certain crowd, watches them for months, long and greedily and accurately, sucks all the fiction out of them, and, with his eyes full of what they have done, and his ears ringing with what they have said, goes off somewhere all alone and writes them down. He doesn't write down everything, of course—at least he doesn't intend to—but only what will add up into the kind of picture he is trying to give. Though Selective Reporting is just another way of saying Fiction, it will be useful to keep the word in talking about Hemingway, because it applies peculiarly to him.

Shorthand—I don't mean newspaper reporting, which is always mentally in the past tense, but something more like court reporting or stenography. The court stenographer doesn't know what is going to happen, but he gets it all on paper as fast as it unrolls itself. Hemingway is like a court reporter who doesn't know what is going to happen and who changes the present—cutting, polishing, omitting—so that it secretly leads up to and fits in with the future. This combination of ignorance and art is the chief source of his originality. Of cou he really knows the invisible turns in the road ahead, but he never lets on. While the story was happening to him—nearly everything he writes about seems to be directly autobiographical—he didn't know how it was coming out, and he didn't care. The excitement of the unrolling experience was enough. When he sits down to write the experience, he has the rare power to put himself back into that mood when things were happening the outcome of which he did not then know. A great many can take accurate mental notes, but only y seems able to transcribe months years

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the kind of self-assertiveness that contributes nothing to the creative matter in hand. Its most incurable form is a pretended, exclusive knowledge of the insides of the characters' heads, or of the events in store for them and for you. The barely foreign accent in the telling of a story that says, without saying so: "I alone have the key to this clock, and can wind it up." Which clock, being wound, as often as not cries Cuckoo and nothing else.

Creative Knowledge, in its purest form, consists largely of respect. The respectful knowledge that does not break the slender glass of truth in order to find out how it was made.

The Major—"A Canary for One" was the shortest of short stories, which in other hands might have seemed trivially reminiscent. It contained a shock, a surprise. So do ever so many short stories—indeed, most of them contain only that. But Hemingway does not contrive a shock for us; he saves the shock that he had himself. He does not simply remember the surprise and retell it with a deadly "just wait," with proprietary self-consciousness; he retells it as if it were happening on a screen in front of his desk as he writes. He does not prepare, he does not anticipate, he does not insist, he does not dwell upon, he does not roll under his tongue. He seems as surprised, as jarred as you are, but he doesn't say so. He didn't seem to say so to himself at the time. There is here a combination of deep emotion and profound cold-bloodedness which is admirable and also slightly alarming. This ability to communicate inarticulate alarm is one of the strangest things about Hemingway.

Lo, the Poor Highbrow—who sees himself in everything, and everything through himself. The distinction between Highbrow and Lowbrow writing is not the distinction between brutality and intelligence, between guts and delicacy, between mud and lace, but rather something like this: the Highbrow has an incurable tendency to say more than he knows or feels; the Lowbrow, through choice or caution, says less than he knows or feels. Hemingway derives enormous strength from being, in this sense, a Lowbrow. He instinctively mistrusts explicitness, analysis, imputation of motives, investigation of the souls of others, qualifying adjectives and a heart worn on the sleeve. Too much so, at unimportant moments, when his implicit denials seem ungenerous, his direct path incurious. Nearly always he works according to the principles, usually slighted in creative writing, of externality, ignorance and understatement. If he understates, he knows, as a rule, just why he is doing so. If he evades, it is because he is sure where he is going. Even his evasions are relentless.

Sherwood Anderson, his master, makes a noise like a lowbrow, but only a highbrow would take such delight in unwinding and explaining and unreeling and winding up again a long, long line with all too frequently no fish at the end.

The Killers—The very short sketches which sandwich the stories of "In Our Time" have been justly described as gems of understatement. But this technique can also degenerate into a habit. More adventurous and much more difficult is the understatement in "The Killers." There have been stories before in which the manner of telling was more important than what was actually told. "The Killers" is such a story, but it is also much more than merely that. Two gunmen hold up a small restaurant because they expect a third man, whom they intend to kill, to arrive there shortly. He doesn't turn up, and the gunmen go away. Later a boy from the restaurant tells him and warns him, but he doesn't care, he knows he will be shot later anyhow.

Here is a story with two sets of facts, one of which we never learn. Who was he? What had he done? Why should he expect to be killed? Why did he regard it as inevitable? Who were the gunmen? Who sent them? Did they finally get him? We never know. All we are told is the behavior of the waiting gunmen, and the behavior of the fatalistic victim. And yet the few facts we are told are vastly more important, more valuable, than the facts we are not told. If we were told what no other self-respecting story-writer could refrain from telling us, something would be spoiled.

"The Killers" is not a mystery story, with a riddle to be solved. There is no riddle, and no solution. There is only an experience, a group of characters, a feeling, which we shall think strong or weak according to what is left out. Hemingway leaves out exactly what every fiction reader, every newspaper reader is supposed to want to know, and in so doing creates a scene of extraordinarily sinister, accurate excitement. And achieves, as solidly as a home run into the bleachers, another New Note in American Literature.

The American Lingo—If you examine "The Killers" and many other pages of Hemingway closely, you will notice the remarkable part played in the story as a whole by the simplest kind of dialogue. You will also come to respect a master in one of the most curious qualities of American speech: its power to suggest other things while saying, in actual words, almost nothing at all. The talk of the gunmen in "The Killers," with its queer, vague, menacing relevance to what is about to happen, its mixture of nervous sass and dangerous nonsense, is the best of its kind since . . . since . . . well, to be on the safe side, let us say since the Civil War.

Action and Poetry—The small pieces of dialogue in "The Killers" are more highly charged than in his other stories, where the effect is more often obtained through an imperceptible accumulation and juxtaposition of details by no means remarkable in themselves. It would be impossible, I think, to find a detached phrase anywhere in either his

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first or his last book which seemed to have one-tenth of the meaning and imagination possessed by the building composed of these ordinary little bricks. In very small doses Hemingway is often quite ordinary. He is an architectural far more than a verbal artist, and his poetry—to use a tame, elegant word for a savage, raw effect—is the poetry of totality. "Big True-hearted River" is an example of this, and also a fine example of another secret which Hemingway has taught to work for him—description through action. This story is nothing more than the account of a man, Hemingway of course, who goes fishing by himself and enjoys it. Assign this subject to a panel of our best authors and you can imagine the crippled pastorals, the polite soliloquies, the obscure ecstasies, the frantic attacks of adjectivitis, the fish-pitying paroxysms which would rise from it. In Hemingway's hands, so cautious, so firm, so bold when the right moment comes, this simplest of outings becomes an extraordinarily acute and beautiful distillation of sensations. There is not a single bit of static literary description from one end of it to the other. Nor is it an exaggeration of simple facts into drama. It is something quite new.

The Daydream—Hemingway has less tendency to daydream than any other comparable American writer. His nose is always to the grindstone of reality. So keen and tireless a reporter is he that sometimes one wonders whether he has much imagination. The kind of imagination that can project itself into space, and fly with reality for one wing and daydream for the other, is perhaps not his. But it takes imagination of a high, if narrow order to put together his miscellaneous reporter's harvest into such living, baffling, incandescent wholes.

Footfaults—Of course he has shortcomings. As I have said, one often doubts his powers of imagination. One often wonders if there aren't large areas of life and legions of characters which he cannot translate into words and will never try to. More definitely, one regrets in him a certain undirected cynicism, brooding over what he writes like undischarged thunder on a heavy day. One finds in him a good deal of triviality, and more than a trace of heartlessness. Often he lacks point, and sometimes he is thickly dull. His simplicity, so artful, so often marvelously successful, is occasionally no more than the simplicity of a cold potato. But if he were more sensitive and amiable and soft, he wouldn't be nearly as interesting, so let's let him alone and see what he does next.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Man Wanted

I AM alone in my home (save for the weird noises which always haunt an empty house). My family are in the mountains of Vermont. It is time that I were in bed. But I am too tired to undress. I have been in Philadelphia all day, interviewing applicants for the job of selling Superb Direct Advertising Service. It is a depressing job. I don't like to talk to men out of work; or in work in which they are unhappy; or so poorly paid that the struggle for existence has all but robbed them of hope.

On other nights like this, my wife awaits my coming. Her smile greets me as I walk up the front steps. As only a wife can, she transports me from the world of business into that intimate, warm, happy world that is our home. She tells me about the children, the letter from Aunt Elizabeth, the telephone call from friend or relative. We discuss the day's news, differ on the subject of politics. Soon the weariness of a long day in a stuffy hotel room and a six hours' train and trolley journey are forgotten.

But tonight I am alone. I still see before me John Smith, the applicant. I had written Smith to call on me at two o'clock. He telephoned my room at eleven, requesting me to see him then. A previous engagement necessitated his leaving the city at eleven-thirty. I tell Smith to come up. I know that he will not board an eleven-thirty train. He has no previous engagement. Smith wants a job, and is afraid that, if he comes at two, it will be gone; somebody else, the early bird, will have got it. But I say nothing of this to him. From his letter I know that he has on his mind the worry of supporting a wife and five children. The man who would not utter a white lie for the sake of a wife and five children does not deserve their love or a job.

Smith is now in my room. A smallish man with keen eyes. He wears a cheap summer-weight suit that has seen at least three seasons. He covertly inspects the size and furnishings of my room to appraise its cost to my company. In that way he computes the financial worth and standing of the house I represent; the house to which he is applying for a job.

Smith has been selling automobiles for twelve years. He has represented many firms in these years. He has always had a title. He has never been John Smith, salesman. Usually John Smith, sales-manager, or John Smith, Service Department Manager. His average gross income has been four thousand a year. Later I learn that he made four thousand only once. Out of that he paid his expenses.

The automobile business has gone to the dogs.

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Smith tells me so. It was a good business once, but no more. His last two jobs lasted a little over a year. The president of one of his last two companies is himself looking for a job now. His last sales-manager is also looking for work. And, at fifty-six, that is a tragedy. So Smith says. Smith himself is thirty-eight. He seeks a lifetime connection.

Smith is told that we operate on a commission basis. He becomes dejected. A moment before, he was certain that he could sell our service. He "just knew" that he could. Now he is not certain. It may take a few weeks to get started. He is not a brilliant salesman. He is best after he gets to know his trade, after several interviews with a prospect. He has very little money in reserve. He will think it over.

Smith leaves. Dejected. I, too, am dejected.

John Jones enters the room. Jones is tall. His coat collar doesn't hug his neck. His feet are large. Like mine. But he toes out. He is smoking a cigar. The band on it shows that it is a cheap one. Luckily, he sits by an open window. Jones has been selling paints and oils. He has been at it five years. He has made good. He has always made "big money." He tries to show me letters to prove that he is a go-getter. I believe him without proof. Poor Jones has a bad memory. He does not remember that I have his letter of application before me. He finds it easy to talk to me. I am proving to be a good listener. I strike a match for him when his cigar goes out. Jones makes up his mind that I am a nice fellow, easy-going. He gives his imagination free rein. Jones has never made as much money as he is making right now. The longer he talks, the more money he makes. He is his firm's star salesman. I am encouraging him. He is calling his sales-manager by his first name. Jones is having a good time. He has suddenly become a big man. He is sure that I will offer him a salary of at least $5,000 plus expenses and commissions.

Poor Jones has a bad moment when I ask him his reason for wanting to leave. It is a bolt from the blue. He must stop to think. His cigar is burning evenly, but he feels that contact with a lighted match will improve it, and give him time to formulate his answer. He reminds me of a weakening pitcher tying his shoe string for the third time in the same inning. He is sparring for time and second wind.

Jones, poor fellow, suddenly discovers that he is tired of the paint and oil business. The business has gone to the dogs. It used to be a good business. It no longer is. Competition is too keen and his sales-manager unfair in his demands. His quota is too high. His prices are too high. The collection department is too unreasonable. That collection man is killing Jones' best accounts. Again I tell Jones I believe him without proof. Jones has sunk back to the man who wrote that letter of application. Jones does not join our sales force.

Jack Robinson takes Jones' chair. Robinson is past middle age. The fraternal emblem in his button-hole is large. So is his paunch. Robinson had manufactured women's waists for twenty years. He tells me just where. He wants to be sure that I know the street and number and the corner to which it is near. Robinson once employed forty girls. But he had to give up the business. It had gone to the dogs. The Jews did it. Since then Robinson has sold perfumery to the drug trade. But that was no go. The business is all shot to pieces. He was working for a jobber and the manufacturer would undersell him.

Robinson is now selling something or other to the cutting-up trade. But it is a bad season and his firm is blind. The boss is clamoring for orders when there are no orders. He is making great headway. He is making friends for his firm. Important missionary work, his is. But he never did and never will work for a firm that does not appreciate his efforts. Robinson absolutely refuses to tie up to us. Any house that refuses to furnish a car to salesmen who must carry a sample case weighing a thousand pounds (Robinson is sure of the weight; he has hefted our case) is, with all due respect to me, a pretty cheap house. And, so he informs me, the sooner I realize it the better.

All day long the Smiths, Joneses and Robinsons call and tell me things. It seems that all businesses are shot to pieces. I begin to wonder why ours is not. I thank God for the one man I take on. He looks good. He seems unafraid.

On the journey home, I am restless. Not even the political news can make me forget. I turn to the comics. The pictures mean nothing to me. Something ought to be done about it. All these men I saw were good men. They had done nothing to offend society. The world owes them a living. They are seeking work. What should be done? What can be done?

I am confused. I throw aside the comics. I read a letter in the New Republic. It is written by a sixty-two-year-old lady in New Mexico. She is alone. She has an ambition. At sixty-two! The ambition to earn enough money (at sixty-two) to "insure the erection of a sanitarium for crippled pauper children at a natural medicinal hot spring." She has it all worked out, too. At sixty-two! She goes on to talk about her Sunday school and church work.

I jump from New Mexico to northern Vermont. I hear again the sermon of that blessed Congregational minister. I hear him say that God never gave a small man a big job to do. I know what he means. I know what he is trying to do. He is trying to tell his flock that the job of living is a big job—a hard one. He knows that it is. He has suffered. He knows that many a man in that congregation is staggering under the load. He sees

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the farmer Smiths and Joneses and Robinsons before him and hears them saying that their business is shot to pieces, that it has gone to the dogs; that it has been a backward season and that rain will ruin the hay crop. The minister is trying to pump oxygen into their lungs, courage into their hearts. "God never gave a small man a big job to do." A good line, that, a good thought behind it. If it isn't taken literally.

The minister is right. It does require courage to live! Courage to preach, to lay brick, to practise medicine, to publish a magazine. To sell.

Apparently, some men possess courage. Not every man complains that his business is shot to pieces, that it has gone to the dogs, that it once was good. That young man I signed up with did not. I am anxious to see how he comes through the first month. That will be the test.

Courage. That's the answer, I guess.

I am tired. I am going to bed.

G. M. GOTTFRIED.

Washington Notes

HERETICAL as it may seem to some, it has long been one of my most cherished convictions that a man's intelligence cannot be measured accurately by his wealth, that, while it is possible to be very poor and very dumb, it is also possible to be very rich and even dumber. However novel that notion may appear to the opulent, and even to the moronic masses who, seeing what unlimited money means, not unnaturally assume it must require superior thinking power to acquire it, it is by no means a new idea. On the contrary, it has been held by the discriminating few as a priceless truth even before Socrates discoursed to the open-faced Athenians in the golden days of Greece.

Without, therefore, claiming the least originality for the thought, I still believe that, in regard to a certain division of the much-moneyed men of the current period, I have in the course of long and somewhat intimate acquaintance, accompanied by many opportunities for observation and study, accumulated more convincing evidence of their dumbness than almost any one else in the country—principally, I suppose, because it has been a sort of hobby of mine.

The class to which I refer are the high financiers, mostly located in New York, who, while pretending a complete indifference to politics and a profound contempt for politicians and public office, secretly finance political campaigns and try to run political parties and machines from the back seat. Some do this sort of thing because, themselves for one reason or another debarred from positions of public honor and trust, it soothes their souls to be the secret and sometimes sinister power behind those who occupy such positions. It feeds their vanity, makes them feel large and important. Others play this game in the belief that it is necessary in order to protect their business and financial interests. In neither case do they get what they go after. In both they run ridiculous risks about which they usually know little until too late. They are not, as a rule, smart people—these secret political angels. That broad and sweeping statement could be proved by a hundred shining examples if there were space to do so here. In the long run, what these men do in politics—even those who do not get found out—not only hurts themselves, but damages those with whom they deal and degrades the country. Samuel Insull of Chicago is a typical instance; but I can think of a lot of others just as dumb—and some dumber—than he, and in both parties.

I have, in my time, talked with a good many of these fellows, supposedly big boys in their particular fields, and I am free to confess my belief that if they attempted to put over the political ideas they privately entertain and seriously express, both the party to which they adhere and the country in which they live would be rendered ridiculous. No set of soap-box radicals could possibly be more half-baked, politically, than are some of these men in their own peculiar reactionary way.

All this makes it the more refreshing to meet one of the exceptions, a moneyed man about whose clarity, force and intelligence outside of his banks and business there is no room for doubt, one who is hard-boiled but never half-baked, who puts his money into politics but is entirely clear-headed and concrete as to his purpose and has not got a vain bone in his body. With such a one I had in New York the other day a talk of such interest bearing on the present presidential situation that it seems worth while to outline a little of it here. Perhaps the highly intelligent secretaries or press agents of some of these dollar dough-heads of whom I have been speaking will read it and explain the idea to them. A good many of them get the bulk of their ideas that way.

This particular man happens to be close to the very top of the list. He has a great place out on Long Island, not far from Morgan's, carries as much weight in Republican councils and White House conferences as if he were an Amherst graduate—which he is not—and has a way of doing things that keeps poor pathetic old Papa Stearns in a perpetual state of awe and admiration. In 1924, and again in the off-year campaign of 1926, this man raised as much money and contributed as much to the Republican cause as any other individual, with the possible exception of two. He is frequently consulted at the White House and, if he thought conditions would remain unchanged, would undoubtedly be glad to see Mr. Coolidge continue President, not only for another term, but for the balance of his life, in spite of the fact that he has himself too much intelligence to admire the noble Calvin. What he thinks of him is that when there is nothing for a President to do, he is the ideal President. The thing that disturbs him now is the possibility that, in the next few years, action instead of inertia will be the quality most needed at the Whit House.

What started him talking along this line, curiously enough, was the interview given out here in Washingto some days ago by Senator Moses of New Hampshire, wh is about the most independent, outspoken and unruly of all regular Republicans. He is pretty apt to say what is in his mind, if given a chance, and has been at no pains at all in the past three years to conceal his personal opinion of th

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little group of Massachusetts politicians who run the White House and operate the National Committee. It is not a flattering one. Mr. Moses expressed the belief, shared by everybody else in practical politics, that Mr. Coolidge, if he insists upon being a candidate for another term, can undoubtedly force his renomination and probably be reëlected. He added, however, that in his opinion this would be good for neither the Republican party nor the country, that it would mean a "sullen acceptance" of the administration and an unsuccessful and turbulent four years.

"Moses is right about that," said my New York financial friend. "The thing can, of course, be done. The hopelessly divided condition of the Democratic party makes it almost a certainty. The question is whether, in the long run, we won't lose if we win that way. I am not thinking about Coolidge, but about the country—and particularly about business. No sensible person believes we can continue present industrial conditions indefinitely. Already there is a distinct slackening up. Soon or late, a real reaction is sure to come. The wise thing is to recognize this inexorable economic fact and so move as to take the danger out of the reaction and be able to handle it when it does come. I do not anticipate a panic in this country, but I, and every other man who knows the bed-rock facts, know or ought to know that some real jolts are due. The signs are unmistakably clear.

"If we are to avoid a political swing back toward a dangerous radicalism when the slump comes, it seems to me it might be better to have in Washington at that time an administration not so wholly identified with big business as this one, and a President not so universally recognized as ultra-conservative. Understand me, I am that sort of man myself, and believe in that sort of government. I do not want any change, but I think a change is bound to come. It can't be staved off another four years, and I rather doubt the wisdom of being caught when the tide is low with an administration which, as Moses says, has been sullenly accepted. Would not that sort of thing make highly probable a Congress in 1930 dominated by forces over which there would be no real control, one without real direction? Further, would it not make probable, in 1932, the election of the very sort of President we have several times been threatened with in this country, but have so far managed to avoid? If you look at the present, perhaps it is all right to go ahead, but if you consider the situation in terms of the future, there is a good deal of material for thought in that word 'sullen' used by the Senator. I don't like it."

Now I may be wrong, but it does seem to me that this sort of talk coming from this sort of man is not without real significance. If the pious Butler and the good Stearns could guess the author, they would take to their beds in a high state of fever. Personally, I hope no hint of it gets out to the Black Hills, because I should hate like the devil to see the marvelous stream of third-term propaganda emanating from there interrupted or slowed down. When the Black Hills vacation was first determined upon, I think I predicted here that the output of stories, pictures and plays from the summer White House, this time, would be of unprecedented volume and variety, but I may as well admit that my imagination fell far short of the reality. I certainly did not dream that the noble Calvin, usually so discreet and cautious in such matters, throwing aside all dignity and restraint, would coöperate in the manufacture of his own publicity with all the expansive and unconcealed earnestness of a rear-rank chorus girl trying to get into the first row. The whole staged business has been amazing—the ten-gallon hat, the tame horse, the fixed fish, the gold panning for the movies, the Indian Stuff, the rodeos and the "roughing it" after rehearsals. It has, in fact, been, to a good many, an unpleasant show, and has added luster neither to the man nor his office. It is true he has had the fakery protected fairly well in the despatches of the correspondents, but enough has leaked through to give a pretty widespread idea that the whole Black Hills performance from start to finish is a piece of cheap political advertising—which it is—and the laughter of the movie audience over the cowboy pictures make you feel that, if someone does not slow this third-term candidate down on his publicity stunts pretty soon, he may eliminate himself from serious consideration before Congress meets. In that event, neither my New York friend nor Senator Moses need worry about the future. So, I repeat, I hope nothing happens to interrupt the Black Hills flow.

Washington. T. R. B.

Old Song

Thy absence overflows the rose—
From every petal gleam
Such words as it were vain to close,
Such tears as crowd the dream.

So eyes that mind thee fair and gone,
Bemused at waking, spend
On skies that gild thy remote dawn
More hopes than here attend.

The burden of the rose will fade
Sped in the spectrum's kiss.
But here the thorn in sharpened shade
Weathers all loneliness.

HART CRANE.

Fragmentary Stars

So wide the wells of darkness sink,
These, having their own light, that are lost with the light,
Appear immersed in mournfulness over the night,
Like things that in sleep will come to the mind's brink;
The bright Aldebaran, and seven that hover,
Seven wild and pale, clouding their brightness over,
And the flame that fell with summer, and the rose of stars returning,
Like tears piercing the sky;
Glittering without cause, for the piece of a legend,
Wept I know not why.
O lovely and forgotten,
Gathered only of sleep,
All night upon the lids set burning,
Shaken from the lids at morning.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

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The Pardon of Anita Whitney

THE New Republic presents herewith the chief passages from the statement by Governor C. C. Young of California, giving his reasons for pardoning Miss Anita Whitney. The material is published in the belief that it constitutes an important document in the recent history of the unending struggle for civil liberties in America.

There has been presented to me an application for the pardon of Charlotte Anita Whitney, who, on January 27, 1920, was tried in the superior court in Alameda County, before Superior Judge James G. Quinn, on a charge of violating the so-called Criminal Syndicalism Act. The information comprised five counts: first, that she had helped to organize, and had joined, an association prohibited by the Criminal Syndicalism Act; second, that she had circulated written or printed matter teaching and advocating violence as prohibited by that act; third, that by spoken and written words she had taught and advocated violence; fourth, that by spoken and written words she had justified the commission of violence; and fifth, that she herself had committed acts of violence.

Miss Whitney pled not guilty to these five charges, and on February 20, 1920, was found guilty on the first count —membership in an association believed by the jury to be prohibited by the act; but the jury refused to convict on the other four counts. She was sentenced to San Quentin Prison for a term of from one to fourteen years. The case was taken to the First District Court of Appeal, presided over by Justices Tyler, Kerrigan and Richards, and on April 22, 1922, the judgment of the lower court was affirmed. A hearing before the state Supreme Court was denied, and the case was taken to the United States Supreme Court to test the constitutionality of the California Criminal Syndicalism Act. On May 16 of this year the court declared the law constitutional, though two of the justices in a separate opinion expressed regret that in the original trial there had not been raised the issue of danger or lack of danger from the particular organization which the defendant had joined.

I must confess that, when this application for pardon was first presented to me, I was very doubtful as to whether it could properly be granted. In the first place, I felt strongly that the orderly processes of our courts should not be interfered with, and that their verdicts should be upheld. Secondly, I felt, even though some of Miss Whitney's adherents questioned the wisdom or necessity of the law under which she was convicted, that, after the constitutionality of that law had been upheld by our highest court, its penalties must be exacted. I also felt that although, in the present case, a term in prison might seem harsh as applied to the particular individual concerned, on the other hand a pardon might seem a letting down of the bars designed for the protection of society.

To grant a pardon in advance of a parole, or even before any portion of a prison term is served, would seem a very unusual procedure; and I felt that such a pardon could not be forthcoming under anything like ordinary circumstances. However, I have since devoted several weeks to a study of the case, have read and re-read all of its thousand pages of transcript, have sought whatever light I could from the judges participating in the case, and from those possessing intimate and unbiased knowledge of the defendant and her activities. In short, I have made the most complete investigation of which I was capable, in order to determine whether, notwithstanding the decisions of the courts, there was reason for exercising that power of pardon which, under our form of government, is constitutionally placed in the hands of a chief executive.

I have now completed my investigation and study of this case, and have become completely convinced that, under all the circumstances involved, a pardon for Miss Whitney must issue. I am aware that many may not agree with me in this decision, but I would only suggest my belief that an equally thorough study would inevitably bring a similar conclusion on the part of practically every doubter.

On November 9, 1919, there was held in the city of Oakland a state convention of an organization known as the Communist Labor party of California. This was an offshoot from the Socialist party and comprised the radical wing of that party. The state convention in question was held openly; reporters were present, and the story of the convention was told in the news columns of that afternoon and the next day. About one hundred delegates were present, Anita Whitney being one. The Oakland Socialist Local, to which she had belonged, went over to the new party and she went along with the others.

In the convention Miss Whitney was placed upon the committee of credentials and the committee of resolutions. As a member of the latter committee she argued for a resolution, the adoption of which she had secured in the committee. The resolution in question sought to pledge the new party to the ballot as a means of carrying out its aims. It read, in part:

> The Communist Labor party of California fully recognizes the value of political action as a means of spreading communist propaganda; it insists that in proportion to the development of the economic strength of the working class, it, the working class, must also develop its political power. . . . Therefore, we again urge the workers who are possessed of the right of franchise to cast their votes for the party which represents their immediate and final interest.

After a considerable controversy this resolution was voted down, and instead there was adopted *in toto* the platform of the national organization, the Communist Labor party of America. Notwithstanding her defeat, Miss Whitney, as was perhaps natural, remained throughout the day of the convention, and, in fact, attended one or two committee meetings during the subsequent month. This, as far as the evidence discloses, marks the extent of her association with the Communist Labor party, for membership in which she was subsequently convicted.

Conditions at Time of Arrest.

This autumn of 1919 was a period of much unrest and nervous tension as an aftermath of the Great War. Industries had to be readjusted, unemployment was rife, labor was extremely fearful of its future, new political theories and philosophies were everywhere projected. In this panic-stricken frame of mind which prevailed at the time, civic authorities were naturally suspicious and were prone to regard new political or social movements as revolutionary in tendency. Nevertheless, there were no arrests as a result of this Communist Labor convention for nearly three weeks. Then as Miss Whitney was leaving a meeting of Oakland clubwomen where she had been speaking on the condition of the American Negro, she was placed

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under arrest on November 28, 1919. This action was taken at the direction of Fenton Thompson, inspector of police, under the authority of the Oakland Police Commission.

The Oakland chief of police at that time was Walter J. Peterson, a firm enemy to radical propaganda of every kind, and a staunch supporter of the Criminal Syndicalism Act. He has recently been quoted as having made the following statement with reference to Miss Whitney's arrest:

> I investigated Anita Whitney's record in 1919. I found that she had always done an enormous amount of good in the community. I wasn't in sympathy with her pacifist ideas and a lot of her other notions. But I recognized that it wasn't in her nature to commit violence nor to encourage it. She was one of those idealists who want to make the world better for everyone.
>
> So I ordered Fenton Thompson not to arrest her. But he was so zealous that he went over my head to Commissioner F. F. Morse and the arrest was made. No constructive good can come from making a martyr of Anita Whitney. She should never have been held to answer in the first place.

Having been arrested, Miss Whitney was speedily brought to trial. The prosecution was conducted by two exceedingly able deputies from the district attorney's office. For the defense there was a rather elderly man with evidently little taste for court practice, and Thomas O'Connor, a brilliant attorney, who assumed entire charge of the case. This was in the midst of an epidemic of influenza, and during the trial one of the jurors contracted the malady and died, her place being taken by a thirteenth juror, who had been empaneled for fear of such an occurrence. Another juror and Miss Whitney herself were for a time seriously ill. And, finally, Thomas O'Connor, the mainstay of the defense, was himself stricken.

For several days O'Connor, in spite of a raging fever, stuck to his post. At length he was forced to give up, and a two days' continuance was granted. On the expiration of this period the attorney was reported as very ill and delirious. The court decided that the case could not safely await his recovery, and ordered the trial to go on without him. A remark made during the colloquy by the assistant defense counsel, as to what might happen should the case proceed, seems strangely prophetic:

> It probably will mean Mr. O'Connor's life, and it may mean a miscarriage of justice to this defendant.

Nevertheless, after ten minutes granted for consultation, the case went on. Two days later Mr. O'Connor died, taking with him to the grave all plans which he had made for the defense. Another lawyer, hastily summoned and of necessity unprepared, continued in the trial until the end, but with the result already noted.

Thus, I have tried to outline the nature of the charge upon which Miss Whitney was convicted, as well as some of the extraordinary circumstances attending her trial. It is true that we have the advantage of considering this in the calm light of our present knowledge, rather than in the excited days of 1919 and 1920. I do not believe it conceivable that today such a trial would take place, or a conviction be demanded even by the strongest adherents of the Criminal Syndicalism Act. The trial having been held, however, and a conviction having been secured, it remains to be considered whether pardon at this time would be a proper action. On this point I should like to quote one of the ablest and most conservative legal minds in California, Orrin Kip McMurray, head of the School of Law in the University of California. In a recent letter, Professor McMurray says:

> If Miss Whitney were to be tried today it is very improbable that a conviction could be had; indeed, it is scarcely possible that a district attorney would urge her prosecution. The testimony in her case is by no means strong and . . . should, I submit, hardly convince a California jury in 1927 that Miss Whitney is a dangerous person at the present time. The union of act and intent, though technically established, is rather faint. The Supreme Court of the United States, both in the majority and the minority opinion, review the facts sufficiently to indicate the conflict of testimony, concerning which the appellate courts had no power to judge. The Constitution has put this power of review in the Executive. As Chief Justice Taft remarks: "Executive clemency exists to afford relief from undue harshness or evident mistake in the operation or enforcement of the criminal law. The administration of justice by the courts is not necessarily always wise or certainly considerate of the circumstances which may properly mitigate guilt."

And then Dean McMurray goes on to show that conviction by a trial court under due process of law should be no bar to pardon, since the pardoning power of the Executive was established for the sole purpose of affording to a convicted defendant, where extraordinary circumstances exist, that clemency which, under their limited powers of review, appellate courts cannot furnish.

Testimony at Trial.

Supplementing this very comprehensive review by Professor McMurray, I should like to point out a few additional facts which must, I believe, convince anyone who makes a thorough study of the transcript of the trial. First, as has already been shown, there was the illness and death of Thomas O'Connor, the brilliant counsel for the defense, in the midst of the trial, under such distressing circumstances that not a single note of any kind was handed on to his hastily summoned and totally unprepared successor. From that time on the defense seems all at sea. The evidence offered in the case, for instance, was almost entirely confined to witnesses for the prosecution. As against more than twenty such witnesses, with the exception of one prosecution witness recalled, Miss Whitney herself was the only witness for the defense, and her direct testimony occupies only three pages of the thousand-page transcript.

Moreover, a very large part of the testimony, and that which undoubtedly had most effect upon the jury, had to do, not with the Communist Labor party which Miss Whitney had joined, but with the I. W. W., with which she was never connected. The testimony was largely composed of a recital of atrocities committed in California by the I. W. W. from 1913 to 1918, the narrating of I. W. W. policies of lawlessness, sabotage, and crime, and the reading of incendiary and blasphemous I. W. W. songs. This evidence was admitted on the showing that a brief endorsement of the I. W. W. had been made in a special report on labor organization in the Communist Labor party —not the Communist Labor party of California with which Miss Whitney was connected in Oakland, but the national party at Chicago, whose platform the California party had formally adopted. I can not help believing that

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the conviction of Miss Whitney was largely due to the recital of these actions by the I. W. W., actions with which she had nothing to do, and occurring years before the offense for which she was indicted—the joining of a distinct and very different organization. I also can not help believing that, had Thomas O'Connor lived, this apparently extraneous testimony would never have been permitted to come before the jury, at least with the effect it actually had.

Chief Weakness of Case.

I furthermore believe that Justice Brandeis in his opinion has pointed out the chief weakness in this case. The law defines criminal syndicalism as involving "the commission of crime, sabotage, or unlawful acts of force and violence or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing a change of industrial ownership or control, or effecting any political change." The Communist Labor party has practically disappeared, not only in California, but also in other states where no criminal syndicalism law existed. It was a visionary attempt to plant a European radicalism upon an American soil, where it simply could not thrive. I am unable to learn of any activities of this party, in California at least, or possibly in America, which ever rendered it a danger to the state or a menace to our institutions. I am satisfied that, in the light of our present knowledge, no charge of criminal syndicalism would be now brought against its members.

Justice Brandeis in his able review of the case expresses himself as follows:

> Whenever the fundamental rights of free speech and assembly are alleged to be invaded, it must remain open to a defendant to present the issue whether there actually did exist at the time a clear danger; whether the danger, if any, was imminent; and whether the evil apprehended was one so substantial as to justify the stringent restriction interposed by the legislature. . . . Whether in 1919, when Miss Whitney did the things complained of, there was in California such clear and present danger of serious evil, might have been made the important issue in the case. She might have required that the issue be determined either by the court or by the jury.

In a word, although the Supreme Court in its decision was forced to confine itself solely to the constitutionality of the law, the distinguished justice feels impelled to point out an essential element which was lacking at the original trial, and which, in my opinion, if employed as it should have been, would never have permitted conviction for mere membership in the Communist Labor party—a party with which probably none of us would have sympathy, but which was organized in an open public meeting, and in joining which Miss Whitney undoubtedly had no thought of breaking any law. In saying this, however, I am not unmindful of the fact that the jury at that time conceived the criminal syndicalism statute actually to apply, and that their verdict makes the defendant at least technically guilty. . . .

[A passage is here omitted giving the views of the trial judge and judges of the Court of Appeals in favor of a pardon, and describing Miss Whitney's career as a social worker.—The Editors.]

As Miss Whitney grew older in her social work, she did what many in her sphere of life would never do and can never understand. Instead of working only for those people she began to work with them. This led to her joining the Socialist party, and more and more to her taking part in their political activities, culminating in the convention of November 9, 1919. However, as I have been informed by a special agent of the federal government who examined her entire correspondence:

> Neither in all of the letters from and to her and about her, nor in the investigations covering her activities, does there appear a single line or word tending to show that she ever advocated a violation of any law.

In a newspaper which reached my desk this morning I read the headlines, "Proposed Pardon of the *I. W. W. Leader,* Anita Whitney." I quote this because I believe it expresses a very common misconception. There is not the slightest evidence to show that Miss Whitney was either ever a member of the I. W. W. or ever subscribed to its principles or practices. In fact, it was clearly demonstrated in the trial that Miss Whitney had no connection with the I. W. W., although she belonged to the Communist Labor party. I think it an acknowledged fact, abundantly proved, that the I. W. W. both advocated and practised violence, terrorism and sabotage in California. If anything like this is true of the Communist Labor party, I have never heard of it, and this trial certainly did not disclose it. Accordingly, while it might easily be shown that merely to belong to the I. W. W. constitutes criminal syndicalism, the charge would be certainly far more remote as applied to the Communist Labor party. In order to show Miss Whitney's own conception of this party, it is only necessary to quote a page from the transcript of her testimony:

> Question. "And now then what did you understand to be, or know to be, the meaning of that organization that occurred on November 9, at Loring Hall?"
>
> Answer by Miss Whitney: "It was a convention to formulate the principles and to put into existence the Communist Labor party, a political party for California, to be a branch of the National Communist Labor party."
>
> Q. "Was it to be, or did you intend that it should be an instrument of terrorism or of violence?"
>
> A. "No, sir."
>
> Q. "Did you, or did you not, know whether or not it was the purpose of that meeting to violate any known law?"
>
> A. "I know it was not. The meeting was an open convention, and would of course not have been an open convention if we were deliberately planning to break the laws of the state in which we live."

This sworn testimony on the part of Miss Whitney would seem to establish her own conception of the organization which she had joined, and would also seem to affect what Justice Brandeis calls "the issue whether there actually did exist at the time a clear danger; whether the danger, if any, was imminent; and whether the evil apprehended was so substantial as to justify the stringent restriction interposed by the legislature. . . ."

There are [those], lovers of liberty and free speech, who believe that any act like this must be so carefully applied as not to throttle that which must ever serve as the most indispensable birthright of every free American. These would quote the words of Justice Brandeis as one

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of the finest expressions of the kind produced during the present generation:

> Those who have won our independence believed that the final end of the state was to make men free to develop their faculties; and that in its government the deliberative forces should prevail over the arbitrary. They valued liberty both as an end and as a means. They believed liberty to be the secret of happiness and courage to be the secret of liberty. They believed that freedom to think as you will and to speak as you think are means indispensable to the discovery and spread of political truth; that without free speech and assembly discussion would be futile; that with them, discussion affords ordinarily adequate protection against the dissemination of noxious doctrine; that the greatest menace to freedom is an inert people; that public discussion is a political duty; and that this should be a fundamental principle of the American government.

Some who have written to me in opposition to the action I am taking have insisted that if a pardon is granted to Miss Whitney, it must also be granted to all who have been convicted under the Criminal Syndicalism Act. With this assumption I can not agree. I am not pardoning Miss Whitney on the ground that any punishment under the act is unjustifiable. No governor, sworn to uphold the law, has any right to set aside or nullify a law, especially which has been declared constitutional by the highest court of the land. Neither am I pardoning her because, according to a common misconception, she is a wealthy woman who has been using her money to keep out of prison, thus making "one law for the poor and another for the rich." According to everything I can learn, Miss Whitney is in very moderate circumstances, and has been enabled to prosecute her appeal only through the generous interest taken in her case on the part of her friends and counsel.

I believe that a careful reading of what I have here written will make my position plain. Once again I will say that I feel absolutely convinced that anyone who studies the transcript and records of this case, as I have studied them, will agree that there is no possible alternative to this pardon which I am granting. Of the hundred or more who helped organize the Communist Labor party in California, only two besides Miss Whitney were convicted, and in their cases the jury found them guilty, not only of membership in the party, but on other counts involving the actual advocacy, aiding, teaching or abetting of violence, on the part of the defendants themselves. These two, by the way, are not in prison. So far as I can ascertain, there never was a conviction in any case in the state of California, other than Miss Whitney's, solely on evidence of membership in the Communist Labor party—a conviction which has been well expressed as falling "within the outside limits of a technical violation of the law." Accordingly, her case can not be construed as representative of other and different convictions under the Criminal Syndicalism Act.

Summary of Conclusions.

Let us very briefly sum up a few of the things I have tried to say above. I am issuing a pardon for Charlotte Anita Whitney in spite of my insistence that under all ordinary circumstances the verdicts of our courts must be upheld; in spite of the undoubted constitutionality of the law under which she was convicted; in spite of the fact that the courts have adjudged that in joining the Communist Labor party she violated the Criminal Syndicalism Act; in spite of my belief that nothing is more necessary than to instill into our people a healthy respect for the dignity and majesty of Law.

I am issuing this pardon because I do not believe that under ordinary circumstances this case would ever have been brought to trial; because the abnormal conditions attending the trial go a long way toward explaining the verdict of the jury; because I feel that the Criminal Syndicalism Act was primarily intended to apply to organizations actually known as advocates of violence, terrorism, or sabotage, rather than to such organizations as a Communist Labor party; because the judges who have been connected with the case, as well as the authors and some of the strongest advocates of the law under which Miss Whitney was convicted, unite in urging that a pardon be granted; because not only the evidence at the trial, but also the testimony of all Miss Whitney's acquaintances, show her to have the utmost respect for law and to be averse to violence in any form; because her imprisonment might easily serve a harmful purpose by reviving the waning spirits of radicals, through making her their martyr; because, whatever may be thought as to "the folly of her misdirected sympathies," Miss Whitney, life-long friend of the unfortunate, is not in any true sense a "criminal," and to condemn her, at sixty years of age, to a felon's cell is an action which is absolutely unthinkable.

Now, Therefore, I, C. C. YOUNG, Governor of the State of California, do hereby pardon Charlotte Anita Whitney.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Progress in the Movies"

SIR: My proofs were so late in reaching you that my article, "Progress in the Movies," as printed, contained two errors. In the conversation between Conrad and Crane, it was Crane who spoke of the clock being put back; Conrad quoted the remark frequently. The other error is in ascribing to me the words "interesting ideas" in relation to Mr. Cecil De Mille. I try to be scrupulously fair to Mr. De Mille, but I have not yet leaned backward. Either in copying my manuscript or in setting it in type, the prefix "un" dropped from the word "interesting." I should appreciate very much the correction of these mistakes in your correspondence columns.

Gilbert Seldes.

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

A Voice from New Hampshire

SIR: Others might take the stand that I am taking, however tardily, in the following letter to the Boston Herald:

> Sirs: It will be a matter of deep regret if, after years of pleasant relationships with Boston merchants, I and my family shall feel unable to contribute our small percentage of profit to a commonwealth that will not insist on a fair trial for Sacco and Vanzetti. In the end, the Boston materialist may find himself hoist with his own petard.

These two are not the only ones to be martyred to Boston's war lust; at least one other victim has gone, thank God, to a Viking's rest.

It is not wholly irrelevant to ask whether the press is to withhold adequate news of the lower Mississippi Valley until after the next presidential election.

Mary C. Morse.

Dublin, New Hampshire.

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Whither Democracy?

Whither Democracy, by N. J. Lennes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 370 pages. $3.

IF this volume did not undertake to forecast the future of "democracy," the reviewing of it ought to fall to the lot of a professor of eugenics, intelligence tests and social biology, but since its thesis pertains to tendencies of American civilization, a mere layman in the higher lore of human classification may at least venture to look at it from one angle. The fundamental conclusion of the author is placed on the first page of the preface:

> In proportion as the ideals of democracy are realized in practice, in that proportion does society tend to become divided into occupational classes with hereditary membership. . . . The word "democracy" as used here does not refer merely to a type of government. It refers to a whole system of social relations in which individuals are given, as nearly as may be, equal opportunity and responsibilities.

This declaration is supported by innumerable minor propositions drawn from observation and from the writings of sociologists, biologists, psychologists, and eugenists who have attempted the measurement and classification of human animals on the basis of their mental qualities.

Among the many supporting propositions, the following appear to be basic, in the eyes of the author:

> It would seem entirely safe to say then, that the only possible conclusion from the evidence now available is, that any attempt to improve the inherited intelligence of human beings by any method other than selection of the more intelligent as parents, will be attended with such meager success—the probability is very great that there would be none—that in the present study it may be disregarded entirely.
>
> Mental qualities are inherited according to the same laws as are physical qualities.
>
> There is an increasing tendency for each person's inborn qualities to determine the point he will reach in the occupational scale.

Without pretending to ascend any new scientific Mt. Sinai and to lay down inexorable rules for the reader to take or leave, the present reviewer ventures to put forward certain tentative suggestions to be considered in connection with Mr. Lennes' iron laws.

First, the division of society into occupational classes has little or no discernible relation to the realization of the ideals of democracy, but depends primarily upon technological development and economic forces. For example, there are two or three hundred loose occupational classes in the civil service of New York City; each decade sees new classes created as new machines are invented and new sciences evolved, forcing new functions upon the municipality. In industry, the same process is going on even more rapidly. And whether democracy (whatever that word may mean) goes up or down, the number of occupational classes will increase, old classes will disappear, and new classes will subdivide, inevitably, in the future as in the past, making continuous change in the occupational basis. Since in the world of reality (as distinguished from some professor's book scheme) the "occupational scale" will be constantly subjected to kaleidoscopic alterations, it seems to follow that few if any classes will remain stable long enough to permit of hereditary membership, assuming Mr. Lennes' thesis is sound.

Second, "the occupational scale" is an abstraction. There certainly is nothing like a true occupational scale (perhaps there is a kind of ascending jungle), unless one is made on the basis of salaries and wages. Having had some experience working with experts engaged in trying to classify the hundreds of occupations in the civil service of New York City, New York State, and the federal government, I must say that beyond a few broad classes, all is vague and fluctuating, with grave uncertainties as to delimitations, the qualities necessary for each employment after it is more or less arbitrarily defined, and the kind of training necessary to fit candidates for the proper discharge of their duties. If we are not sure about the boundaries of each class and if experts fight like cats and dogs over the "talents" necessary for incumbents, then how can we be sure that "inborn qualities" will determine the point individuals will reach in the occupational scale?

Third, heredity and environment, instead of being two independent entities (as the germ-plasm theorists must hold if they are logical) are in fact inseparable phases of one organism, criss-crossed and involuted through thousands of years of development; and any division of that organism into two segments is a purely scholastic performance for intellectual convenience. It seems that mental qualities are transmitted by inheritance, but they are only to be measured in relation to environment—in the form of reaction to stimuli. If we assume that there is something transmitted down the centuries by inheritance without respect to environment, then where did that superior germ-plasm come from? Was it specially introduced by Almighty God in the beginning, or at some definite time later, and then carried uncontaminated down the sex stream? If so, how can we believe in evolution? On the other hand, if we believe in evolution, how can we escape the idea that environment and the struggle for existence have had a powerful influence on the observable manifestations of the germ-plasm—of even the very best old primitive families?

Fourth, to assume that any country ever had or will have, in the near future, anything that looks like "equal opportunities and responsibilities" (even "as near as may be," whatever that may mean in hard English) is to make a strain on the imagination. Certainly the eugenists' generalizations based upon the aleatory historical data of the past two or three hundred years are to be treated with caution. Let anyone who has assurance try to trace the life history of any ten families back through the long evolution of industry, feudalism, tribalism, and primitive savagery to the period before the retaining walls of property, family, and government began to operate, and then try to find out what elements of "luck," robbery, conquest, mere physical prowess, exploitation, fortunate migration, and good health have entered into each family history. To cite the two hundred years of the Edwards or Kallikak families is to begin history a million years or so after fundamental determining factors (external) may have entered the game.

Fifth, nobody knows what "intelligence" is. Every definition is in terms of some capacity to deal with objective environment. "Pure intelligence" has not been isolated. As one of the wisest of the intelligence testers remarked somewhere, "an intelligence test tests what an intelligence test tests"; namely, ability to "do" the selected stunts presented and, perhaps, related tasks. How, therefore, can we speak of "inherited intelligence" as if it were something independent of environment?

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Sixth, intelligence testers do not deny that every occupation (even shovelling gravel) calls for certain knacks or arts, and that nearly everybody (including some lunatics and selected monkeys) can learn the arts or knacks of several occupations, at least of the simpler sort. Since A, stronger in will, though weaker in "intelligence" than B, can, by persistence, learn more arts or knacks than the latter, and since intelligence tests do not pretend to test will power, then how can "inherited intelligence," if there is such a thing, be the determining factor in fixing the status of persons in the occupational "scale"?

Seventh, every teacher knows, from long experience, that there are at the bottom of every class certain persons who are intellectually hopeless, and at the top, another group, of obtruding ability. In the middle is the vast majority of students who may slide up or down by reason of effort of will, interest, stimulus, or threats from home. So in society there is a great undistributed middle with indefinite capacities for acquiring the arts or knacks that will enable them to climb upward through the occupational jungle. Education helps them to acquire the arts and knacks. A stimulating teacher may help them. Strong will power may make some of them persist. Opportunity, lucky or planfully arranged, may awaken their dormant powers. Hence things remain about as they were before the intelligence testers burst in upon us with their new creed, and before Mr. Lennes disclosed the secret of social evolution. Parents, knowing that their children may in fact rise through education, will insist on maintaining schools, especially institutions that enable the untutored to acquire the arts and knacks of upper crafts.

Finally, if all that I have said is wrong, I venture to conclude that no one has yet got a "hip hist" on the universe, and that all of us, eugenists, Nordics (who are doubtless the real people), and intelligence testers, would do well to be very modest and cautious in the presence of The Big Complex, refusing to attempt Mt. Sinai in the present state of our misinformation.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Motive Psychology

The Springs of Human Action, by Mehran K. Thomson. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 501 pages. $3.

A BOOK of this order has long been inevitable. In the many-sourced currents of modern psychology, the stream of motive has come to dominate. There are exceptions, and the behaviorists insist that the plot is as incidental as the scenery, and the pantomime is all. The most powerful impetus has come from the Freudian movement, which found in motive the clue to all the mental life, and in the vicissitudes and distortions of motive, the key to the psycho-neuroses and the irregular incidents of the normal life, including, notably, dreams and the subconscious. Yet the naturalistic and objective observation of behavior is equally carried in the modern current, as motivated behavior. Mechanisms and capacities furnish but the instrumentation, which may be simple or complex.

Professor Thomson's undertaking is precisely what is needed—namely, a cross or oblique section through the entire range of the mental life, with the chief part ever assigned to motive, which is mainly a "why" question, secondarily a "how" question, and necessarily includes a "what" question, in setting forth how the wheels of the mind grind and what is grist for their mills. It would be a pleasure to record that so well framed a project has been carried through to a fine consummation; at best it is a fair conclusion. It is much too academic, much too textbooky, much too pigeon-holed; the artistry is weak, often absent. A smooth stream of doctrine is a poor representation of the varied succession of rapids and pools, of bends and channels in the serpentine venture of the mental flow. "The springs of human action" reduced to class-room level, with an examination at the end of the course, cannot adequately reflect the stuff that life is made of. It does not wholly fail, because the spirit of modern teaching and of psychology in the vanguard is to keep in contact with the realities. Yet it is a common-place version of the realities, lacking that chiaroscuro, a Michelangelesque quality, which some master hand will, in time, give to the theme.

Within these limitations, Professor Thomson has produced a more than ordinarily useful book; for the panorama is there. From the reflex or the conditioned response to the consecration or martyrdom or heroic devotion, the course of motive runs. The complexities of its make-up, the stages of its elaboration, the intricacies of its formulæ are catalogued, at times interpreted, yet result in a picture that informs even when it fails to inspire. The best part of it is in the higher stages, where both the character phases of motive and the environmental or institutional role of motive occupy the stage. Prejudice, the mob, the individual self-assertion, the rationalization, the loyalties, the economic striving, the moral and esthetic values, the pursuit of happiness, offer a rich psychology. The camera is pointed to the common situations of everyday life; and it is a wholesome conclusion that psychology has a pertinent message to the man in the street, in the family, on the bleachers or the stock-exchange, as to the politician or the artist or the recorder of experience and the directors of the enterprise. The relation of this superstructure to the organic foundations imbedded in the physiology, and licked into shape by the learning process, is equally surveyed; and the shift of motive with interest, the education in right motivation, is carried with it.

Utility is not to be lowly appraised; and guide-books are a necessary equipment in mental exploration. The orientation is here provided, and there will be many workers whose affairs require a systematic knowledge of the range of human motive who will welcome so convenient a Baedeker to the fascinating land of motive in which we have our being.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

Standing Up in a Vacuum

John Sargent, by the Hon. Evan Charteris, K. C. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 308 pages. $6.

THE painter John Sargent was a man with practically no biography, in the ordinary sense of the term, and the conscientious chronicle of his life as told by Mr. Charteris is therefore little more than a record of travels, mild human contacts, and work. Certainly Sargent himself gave little clue towards a reading of his inner self. His conversation, we are told, was hesitant and shy; his letters, as quoted, are not without a certain dry humor, but restrained to the point of spareness. As early as 1880, when he was but twenty-four years old, and might have been excused some extravagance of enthusiasm, he wrote to a boyhood friend, upon the occasion of his first visit to Morocco, that "the temperature in these tropical regions is such that one's fingers refuse to hold the pen," then added soberly: "This is an exaggeration."

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A horror of exaggeration, of overstatement, of exuberance, seems to have marked Sargent always. It perhaps explains why, after a childhood and youth spent nomadically in Italy, Switzerland, and France, he chose to live in England. The easy prospect of numerous profitable portrait commissions could not alone have kept him there: Sargent would have been "successful" anywhere, and we have no reason to doubt Mr. Charteris' assurance that he was indifferent and even unpractical where money matters were concerned. Like his friend Henry James, he must have been drawn by the well ordered conservatism of England. America was foreign to him. In France an artistic ferment was going on in which he took no part: he was incapable of understanding the *Zeitgeist* that was moving the Post-Impressionists and others. His admiration went only as far as Impressionism. To Monet he could write: *"Cher Monet, je vous remercie et je vous aime. Comme artiste, alors, je vous adore."* But of the paintings in the first Post-Impressionist exhibition in London he spoke coldly: "The fact is that I am absolutely skeptical as to their having any claim whatever to being works of art, with the exception of some of the pictures by Gauguin that strike me as admirable in color and in color only."

What was it that halted Sargent early in his career and made him simply the virtuoso? The portrait of Madame Gautreau was painted in 1883, and as late as 1916 he admitted: "I suppose it is the best thing I have done." In his youth he was obviously impressionable and open to influences, but he found his formula too soon, the formula of a dead age. He easily out-Carolused Carolus-Duran, then took notes from Whistler and the Impressionists. The butterfly hovers over the sensitive portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, and Monet or even Berthe Morisot could have acknowledged the charming "Morning Walk." As time went on, however, he became more and more an eye and a hand. He lacked imagination entirely, as his murals prove. When he was commissioned to paint a group picture of the British generals in the World War, he could not devise the most obvious composition to make a dull subject less dull. "I am handicapped," he wrote, "by the idea that they never could have been all together in any particular place—so I feel debarred from any sort of interesting background and reduced to painting them all standing up in a vacuum." There lies, possibly, the crux of the whole matter: Sargent's figures are "all standing up in a vacuum," even those which lean upon the most tangible satins and stuffs existing in a vacuum of the spirit.

Interpretation of the artist or his art is quite outside Mr. Charteris' province in this volume, and we are grateful for Vernon Lee's appended essay, which attempts a rather superficial psychological explanation. Vernon Lee knew the Sargents when she and the painter were children, and she sees in Sargent a harmonization, rather than a conflict, between the stern puritanism of his New England father and the gay energy of his mother, an amateur painter. But it is what he was not, rather than what he was, that is the critic's concern in the case of John Sargent. Mr. Charteris makes no attempt to probe the void, which, in fact, he does not admit; Vernon Lee's sense of personal loyalty to a friend overshadows her critical attitude. And it is not likely that the critics of the future will devote much time to the enigma. Sargent's glittering gallery of portraits will remain as a mirror of fashion for the historian. For the reflection of the artistic substance of his age, one must seek other and deeper pools.

ROSE MARY FISCHKIN.

Human Geography

Principles of Human Geography, by P. Vidal de Blache; edited by Emmanuel de Martonne; translated b Millicent Todd Bingham. New York: Henry Holt an Company. 511 pages. $5.

DESPITE the fact that Vidal de la Blache's posthumo work was largely compiled from notes, it is an elegant and beautiful presentation of the subject. The author was the dean of French geographers; he trained a whole generation of co-workers in the methods of intensive research and synthetic presentation, treating as geographic facts not merely the original substratum but the changes and modifications introduced by man—roads, houses, farmsteads, cities. Vidal de la Blache's re-division of the political areas of France upon geographic lines showed a unique combination of political tact and geographic knowledge; and in the same broad, human spirit he conducted all his scientific investigations: a rigor in method went along with a genial, speculative outlook, full of a sense of shades and values. This book is equally intelligible to the layman and the scholar: when a similar book emerges from the sociologist, sociology will at last have found its scientific legs. In literary treatment, Vidal de la Blache's work is the exact opposite of Brunhes' "Human Geography," for the latter is exhaustive, detailed, minute, copiously illustrated, whereas the present book is precise, exemplary, allusive. Together, they form a survey of modern geography which no one who is interested in the social sciences, or in any sound form of practical social activity, can afford to neglect.

L. M.

Fiction of the Day

Blue Voyage, by Conrad Aiken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

MR. AIKEN'S first novel falls into the well known category of the travel romance. His *amours de voyage* are hung about William Demarest, who is on his way to Europe second class, while the lady of his love is coincidentally traveling first by the same steamer. Meanwhile in the casual evanescent group of his second-class shipmates (who, every critic will tell you, are drawn with Chaucerian breadth and humor), the inhibitions of a stable society are in abeyance. Variety in vulgarity yields to a unifying interest in sex. Altogether the situation puts Mr. Demarest under a severe strain, which shows itself in Joyceian exercises of the consciousness, Mr. Aiken is more plausible than Joyce at this sort of thing; for while we are inclined to wonder at the way in which the characters in "Ulysses" invariably reduce their mental operations to words, in the case of Demarest we understand that he is literally trying to talk himself into unconsciousness. Moreover, Demarest's mind is richly studded with fossils of reminiscence from literature and life, which in their suggestive misquotation or misapplication give interest and vivacity to his thought. Demarest's culture is very much alive—the kind that hums. His inspiration is about equally drawn from literature and life. In the end, he comes both to grief and joy, and the last word of the book appropriately recalls the last word of Byron's "Don Juan."

Alma, by Margaret Fuller. New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.

"ALMA" is the story of a servant who seeks always and vainly the sublimation of service through love. A Danish immigrant, she finds her daily satisfaction in

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taking care of her American employers, meanwhile never losing amid repeated failures and deceptions the dream of marriage for herself. Miss Fuller's art is in presenting the realism of the peasant in an American bourgeois background. Her theme, which might easily become comic or morbid, gains through sheer honesty of treatment the dignity of tragedy and the sweetness of romance. "Alma" is worthy of a place beside Flaubert's "A Simple Heart."

Unkind Star, by Nancy Hoyt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"UNKIND STAR" suggests a fictional device popular in the eighteenth centry, according to which two heroes are chosen to illustrate the virtues and defects of two opposed systems of culture or education. Miss Hoyt starts with Cintra Amory and Lili Rabenstein, simultaneously and respectively born at the American and Austrian embassies in Lisbon and destined to occasional meetings at other capitals. Once Miss Hoyt seems to be on the point of complicating their relations through Cintra's husband, but thinks better of it. It may be said of the book, as the Boston child said of the Bible, that it has no perceptible plot. Its motive is the contrast of character and culture—an American girl of freshness, simplicity, and charm in a sophisticated and often corrupt European environment, both of which we thoroughly enjoy. This contrast has been drawn before, but seldom with so much of the genuine pleasure-giving quality which is the ultimate reason of fiction.

Giants in the Earth, by O. E. Rölvaag. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

WE do not need the assurance of the author that his book was written independently of Bojer's "The Emigrants." Nevertheless the similarity between the books is more than slight. Both belong to the numerous class of prairie fiction, in which the growth-of-the-soil motive has replaced the earlier pioneer themes. The likeness between these books, written by Norwegians in their own language for their own people, is inherent, as is their difference from their American counterparts. The typical American pioneer is an individualist; he builds his community slowly out of disparate elements. His typical tragedy often occurs when he is overwhelmed by the society which he has founded. The Norwegian authors give us communities migrating to the new lands with society already formed, living, working, suffering, conquering as members one of another. In spite of the terrific personal force of Mr. Rölvaag's hero, Per Hansa, and the morbid psychology of his wife, the little group of four families, isolated in the Dakota plain, remains the central unit of the story.

The Flower Show, by Denis Mackail. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $2.50.

MR. MACKAIL has done a "Cranford" under severe limitations of time and place. His action is restricted to the neighborhood of the village of Nutlington, almost to Nutlington Court itself, on the day of the annual flower show held in its park. The whole life of the little English community flows into the events of this gala day, in which all its inhabitants are concerned. To young John Hewell, seven, heir to the estate, and his surrounding company, the current of events seems swift in contrast to its sluggish movement of other days. To the reader the picture is still life. But while he cries out against the Flemish fidelity to detail, he will enjoy the perfect sense of proportion, and recognize the saturate English quality of landscape, weather, manners, temperament, behavior.

An Indian Day, by Edward Thompson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. THOMPSON, like Mr. E. M. Forster, has been in the Indian service, and writes of the problems involved in the contact of the two races, with somewhat less imaginative penetration, perhaps with somewhat more authority; at all events, with the same interest. We are not allowed to forget that the enforced association of Great Britain and India is one of the immense difficulties of political adjustment in the world today. Mr. Thompson marks the devious channels and sounds the dangerous shoals of the situation by means of characters who represent typical attitudes on the part of both races—Major Henderson, with his convinced racial superiority, Vincent Hamar, who suffers a mild ostracism for having acquitted Hindu revolutionists strictly on the evidence, Findlay, the idealist missionary, Jayananda, the political leader turned *sannyasi*—to name and ticket them would be to exhibit the completeness of the gallery. One of the most pathetic is Neogyi, collector of Vishnugram, who falls victim to that corruption of power among his own race which is inevitably exploited by alien rule. His father, Nilkamal Ghoshal, had "kept his love, a genuine love for an England which not once or twice, but times innumerable has won from Indians a passion of loyalty and admiration surviving instances of folly incredible and scorn and wrong inexcusable." Such passages suggest the quality of understanding with which Mr. Thompson writes, here and in his previous book, "The Other Side of the Medal."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Contributors

EMERY DERI, war correspondent and journalist, has been head of the European service of the Hungarian newspaper Az Est. He is now American correspondent for various journals in Hungary and Germany.

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G. M. GOTTFRIED has been in newspaper and publishing work for some years. He is now a sales manager.

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